Breadcrumbs 2026

Bits and Pieces From a Dream of Time

MICHAEL J. HOLSHOUSER

Breadcrumbs 2026
Bits and Pieces From a Dream of Time
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Pronunciation: Holtzhowzer

All have the express written encouragement
To distribute this creation freely to any and all
Who have the eyes to see and the ears to hear
The mystery in which each and every one
Equally participates in so many ways

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Breadcrumbs 2023
Breadcrumbs 2024
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Preface

Greetings,

Breadcrumbs kicked off in 2015. These are the thoughts written in 2026. All writings since 1989, including current issue, are available online in a variety of locations.

This work is blogged at:

Breadcrumbs 2026
Bits and Pieces From a Dream of Time
https://breadcrumbs2026.blogspot.com/

Writing has been an enjoyable process ever since I first began toying with prose; scribbling poetry, keeping journals, corresponding with friends and acquaintances during the college daze. The philosophical/mystical/whatever-you-want-to-call-them thoughts, that have been popping into mind since 1989, have always been very out-of-the-blue spontaneous. Nothing planned or forced about them. They are being shared on the off chance that others may find them of interest, though, quite frankly, it really does not matter if no one else ever even reads them, for I am, first and foremost, my own audience. I got mine, so to speak. I played my little part. I had my share of fun. And it is, as it has ever been, up to each to discern their own, on their own.

There are really no followers in this Don Quixote quest; only earnest seekers, who waylay their desires and fears and dreads, enough to discern that which is the end to doubt, the end to dueling with windmills. “Yay” if it is your fate to figure it out. “Oh well” if it is not. And “so it goes” either way, really. Ecclesiastes 1:2 is always a good reminder: “Vanity of vanities,” saith the Preacher, “Vanity of vanities. All is vanity.” Awareness can only, with great effort, regain control, regain sovereignty, from the usurper, imagination, creator of all that is time, creator of all that is space. Creator of all that is illusion, has never been anything more than illusion, will never be anything more than illusion. Only as real as the given moment.

“The Stillness Before Time” is the original work that came together in 1992, including mostly aphorisms, an essay, a newspaper question-and-answer, ten reflections, and lists of both movies and books. Though an early self-published version, long since edited and expanded, can be purchased at major booksellers, a downloadable copy is available, no charge, at the link below. There are also links to a variety of blogs of other creations by me, along with links to many writings of a similar nature, by thinkers and seers from across all times, across all geographies. "The Ponderings of Yaj Ekim" is the second published book, and is both blogged and available as a PDF download.

The “Breadcrumbs” titles, published annually since 2015, all include the core chapters: Leftovers, Soundbites, Breadcrumbs. In the Breadcrumbs chapters, I unleash thoughts of a more personal nature than in the other two. All just to show I was ensconced in a living, breathing, relativity mundane, oftentimes foolish, mortal mind-body. An actor playing the hand that was dealt; same as everyone else, vain as everyone else. No need to sculpt me into more than I was. No need for myths, nor legends, nor fables, nor miracles, nor cult followings, nor any other fictions, any other absurdities, over to which the human mind, and all its imaginary history, has so often given itself. The Breadcrumbs chapters prove me again and again to be yet another Shakespearian player, as full of the limited and arbitrary as anyone else born into

this dream of space and time. So please be sure not to shape me, or these many random thoughts, into some dogmatic absurdity. Use them as a launchpad, not an orbit.

“The Return to Wonder” blog is a compendium of aphorisms not included in the three other works: The Stillness Before Time, The Ponderings of Yaj Ekim, and Breadcrumbs. It originally totaled 3,000 pages formatted in 300 ten-page chapters written since 1990-ish. A gradual editing that will likely never be completed, is changing that dynamic into something of a mishmash.

Please note that this sort of wordplay is very haphazard, way too much work to put into any order. Probably best read it in bits and pieces in the here and there. One of those open-to-any-page works. Especially well-suited for coffee shops, coffee tables, and porcelain thrones.

Also note that all writings are always subject to updates and editing, so if You are interested in the most current version – before this house of cards comes tumbling down, and the world grows large again – downloading PDF copies every once and a while might be a reasonable discipline. This applies especially to the current year of Breadcrumbs, which could well be an annual project until the last wheezing breath, though frankly, the temptation to stop writing entirely is not off the table. It is a pleasant way to pass some of the countdown remaining, but it is unlikely there is much ground that has not been wandered by this frame of reference far more than enough already. No matter how many times Sisyphus rolls the boulder up the mountain, it is more than a little doubtful that the blind men and their true-believer followers, will ever discern, ever realize, ever embrace, the elephant in the middle of the room, without fabricating some new form of absurdity. It is the way we roll, it is the way we have always rolled, it is the way we will, far more than probably, always roll. Every species has its limitations, and we have in this mind’s eye, far-exceeded ours.

That said, if You do find these many thoughts at all worth preserving, for whatever times are ahead for this world and all its life forms, please feel free to share them with others who might also appreciate them. Else they may well swiftly slip back into the timeless oblivion from whence they came.

So it goes, either way. I played my part, I said my piece, I had my fun.

All the best,

M

P.S. For best viewing online, using the largest screen You have available to explore my little theme park, is suggested. Scrolling down and down on a phone screen is just not going to give You the same entrée.

P.P.S. Regarding the name Yaj Ekim ... It is just a reverse spelling of the first and middle names ... Michael Jay Holshouser ... Mike Jay ... Yaj Ekim.

P.P.P.S. Coincidently, make of it whatever You will, or will not, Yaj is an Indian boy’s name meaning worshipper, sacrifice, another name for Shiva, a sage. And Ekim is a Turkish name for October meaning “sowing” (of seeds). All kinds of absurdity can be read into that by the many so-inclined – none of which was in mind when I came up with the idea to reverse the letters to my name. See P.P.S. for details.

P.P.P.P.S. Yes, I am Shiva. And so are You. No, I am not Shiva. And neither are You. Irony and paradox rule.

The Stillness Before Time

Reflections From a Fellow Sojourner

There is really only one Way.
It is without division or boundary.
It is without name or theology.
Awareness is its scripture.
Here now, its venue.
You, its witness.
Your life, the journey.

Website
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com

Blog
https://thestillnessbeforetime.blogspot.com

PDF
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/thestillnessbeforetime.pdf

The Original Works

The Stillness Before Time
Reflections From a Fellow Sojourner
https://thestillnessbeforetime.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/thestillnessbeforetime.pdf

Including:
Of the Human Journey
Got God?
Ten Reflections

The Ponderings of Yaj Ekim
https://theponderingsofyajekim.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/theponderingsofyajekim.pdf

Breadcrumbs 2015
Bits and Pieces From a Dream of Time
https://breadcrumbs2015.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/breadcrumbs2015.pdf

Breadcrumbs 2018
Bits and Pieces From a Dream of Time
https://breadcrumbs2018.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/breadcrumbs2018.pdf

Breadcrumbs 2019
Bits and Pieces From a Dream of Time
https://breadcrumbs2019.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/breadcrumbs2019.pdf

Breadcrumbs 2020
Bits and Pieces From a Dream of Time
https://breadcrumbs2020yajekim.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/breadcrumbs2020.pdf

Breadcrumbs 2021
Bits and Pieces From a Dream of Time
https://breadcrumbs2021.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/breadcrumbs2021.pdf

Breadcrumbs 2022
Bits and Pieces From a Dream of Time
https://breadcrumbs2022.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/breadcrumbs2022.pdf

Breadcrumbs 2023 & Beyond
Bits and Pieces From a Dream of Time
https://breadcrumbs2023.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/breadcrumbs2023.pdf

The Return to Wonder
Field Notes from the Unknown
(Major edit underway – New copy colored blue and green)
https://thereturntowonder.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/thereturntowonder.pdf

The Derivative Collection

Aftershocks Autumn 2024
https://aftershocksautumn2024.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/aftershocks2024.pdf

Frames of Reference
Peering Through the Windows of Perception
https://framesofreferenceperception.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/framesofreference.pdf

Imagination: The Great Usurper
https://imaginationthegreatusurper.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/imaginationthegreatusurper.pdf

Jesus on Prophets
What Any Seer Likely Faces Returning to the Cave of Origin
https://jesusonprophets.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/jesusonprophets.pdf

Lost in Translation
The Human Paradigm's Linguistic Muddle
https://lostintranslationyajekim.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/lostintranslation.pdf

Michael's Rabbit Hole
A Selection of Breadcrumbs & Other Aphorisms
https://michaelsrabbithole.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/michaelsrabbithole.pdf

Of Meaning & Purpose
Ponderings About the Futility of It All
https://ofmeaningandpurpose.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/ofmeaningandpurpose.pdf

Of Noise & Silence
Contemplations on the Vibrations of Consciousness
https://ofnoiseandsilence.blogspot.com
https://www.thestillnessbeforetime.com/ofnoiseandsilence.pdf

Standouts From the Return to Wonder Edit
Selections From the First Sixteen Chapters
https://standoutsfromthereturntowonderedit.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/standouts.pdf

The Call of the Eternal
A Conversation With My Self
https://thecalloftheeternal.blogspot.com
https://www.thestillnessbeforetime.com/thecalloftheeternal.pdf

The Gordian Knot of Ethical Thinking
https://thegordianknotofethicalthinking.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/thegordianknotofethicalthinking.pdf

The 'And More' Collection

Doubt, Doubt & More Doubt
https://doubtdoubtandmoredoubt.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/doubtdoubtandmoredoubt.pdf

Grubs, Grubs & More Grubs
(a.k.a., Blobs, Blobs & More Blobs)
https://grubsgrubsandmoregrubs.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/grubsgrubsandmoregrubs.pdf

History, History & More History
https://historyhistoryandmorehistory.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/historyhistoryandmorehistory.pdf

Imagination, Imagination & More Imagination
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Mystery, Mystery & More Mystery
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Patterns, Patterns & More Patterns
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Reincarnation, Reincarnation & More Reincarnation
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Science, Science & More Science
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Titles, Titles & More Titles
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Even More Titles, Titles & More Titles
https://theevenmoreseries.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/theevenmoreseries.pdf

The Singles Collection

59 Moments to The Way It Is (And Is Not)
https://59momentstothewayitisandisnot.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/59momentstothewayitisandisnot.pdf

Of the Human Journey
Along with ‘Got God?’ and ‘Ten Reflections’
https://ofthehumanjourney.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/ofthehumanjourney.pdf

The Mystery of the Mystery
https://themysteryofthemysteryseries.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/themysteryofthemysteryseries.pdf

The Real is Discovering
https://therealisdiscoveringseries.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/therealisdiscoveringseries.pdf

To Be, or Not to Be
https://thetobeornottobeseries.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/thetobeornottobeseries.pdf

Who Was the First?
https://thewhowasthefirstseries.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/thewhowasthefirstseries.pdf

The Sidebar Collection

A Short List of Books for the Up and Coming
Some Written Works That May Help Get the Young Up to Speed
https://listofbooksfortheupandcoming.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/ashortlistofbooksfortheupandcoming.pdf

Breadcrumbs: The Original Blog
https://michaelsbreadcrumbs.blogspot.com/2015/01/under-construction_28.html

Conversations
A Variety of Letters, Emails, Texts, & Sundry Odds 'n Ends
https://conversationsyajekim.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/conversations.pdf

Definitions
An Incomplete Selection of Contemplative Definitions
https://definitionsyajekim.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/definitions.pdf

Ditties for the Bluegrass Pyre
https://dittiesforthebluegrasspyre.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/dittiesforthebluegrasspyre.pdf

Jester Amok
https://www.facebook.com/media/set/?set=a.10212852298760058&type=3
https://www.facebook.com/media/set/?set=a.1311100495387&type=3

My (Not Quite) Haiku
https://mynotquitehaiku.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/mynotquitehaiku.pdf

Once Upon a Christmas
https://onceuponchristmas.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/onceuponachristmas.pdf

Possible Last Words & Epitaphs
https://possiblelastwordsandepitaphs.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/possiblelastwordsandepitaphs.pdf

Sketches of the Once Upon a Time
A Few Epiphanies and Other Hallmark Moments
https://sketchesoftheonceuponatime.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/sketchesoftheonceuponatime.pdf

Spam Responses (a.k.a., WTF Is This Shit!?)
https://spamresponsesakawtfisthisshit.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/spamresponsesakawtfisthisshit.pdf

The Corollaries of Yaj Ekim
https://corollariesyajekim.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/thecorollariesofyajekim.pdf

The Standard Ripostes
The Scribe's Go-to Responses to This and That in the Day-To-Day
https://thestandardripostes.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/thestandardripostes.pdf

Uncle Sam Says
https://whatunclesamsays.blogspot.com
https://www.facebook.com/media/set/?set=a.1311088415085&type=3

(Please note all writings are subject to annual updates and editing, so downloading current PDF copies every once and a while, might be a good idea if You want the most current version)

Leftovers

The entire human paradigm, is nothing more than ever-streaming stories, born of imagination.
The you, You pretend You are, is nothing more than a narrative born of imagination.
Eternity is but the very right-here-right-now, indivisible, indelible moment,
In which no narrative can hold ground, but for imaginary assertion.

* * * *

If You had head on the pillow, knowing You were never to awaken again,
Would You struggle to remain awake, or willingly give over to oblivion?

* * * *

Sight.
Sound.
Feeling.
Smell.
Taste.

The weavers of mind.

And that is just in the human context.

* * * *

Imagination is a vain, greedy, insatiable beast.
The startup instincts, magnified beyond all pales.

* * * *

The taste trap.
The smell trap.
The vision trap.
The sound trap.
The feeling trap.
Mind, the hunter.

* * * *

All those sounds You use to describe, to illustrate, to label,
Your imaginary self, your imaginary world, your imaginary cosmos,
Cannot, even for a moment – penetrate, infiltrate, breach – the eternal moment.

* * * *

Without the mind-body, where would You, where could You, be?
And with the mind-body, and whatever senses are given,
Who-what-when-where-why-how are You, really?

* * * *

There is nobody to lead, there is nobody to follow.
Do not make it about anyone, about anything,

But the ineffable mystery, You truly are.

* * * *

What are You really, truly, actually, essentially, indivisibly,
But quantum, kaleidoscoping through the stillness, the mystery, of eternity.
Naught but spaceless, timeless, unborn, undying stardust,
Come unto the illusion of existence.

* * * *

Have You seen enough?
Have You heard enough?
Have You tasted enough?
Have You smelled enough?
Have You touched enough?
Have You pondered enough?
How glutted need You be?
And all, but imagination.

* * * *

The clock is not real, the calendar is not real,
Nor is your face, nor your body, nor your mind.
It has all been a quantum illusion from the get-go.
To awaken, is to see the moment for what it is.
To be free, is to surf eternity's dreamtime,
With a mindset inclined to stillness.

* * * *

Awareness is ...

Without individuality.
Without character.
Without space.
Without time.
Without desire.
Without fear.
Without contrast.
Without dread.
Without concern.
Without division.
Without notion.
Without perception.
Without opinion.
Without instinct.
Without impulse.
Without faith.
Without principle.
Without urge.
Without creed.

Without certainty.
Without trust.
Without dogma.
Without assumption.
Without light
Without animation.
Without life.
Without death.
Without personality.
Without sound.
Without dark.
Without hope.
Without speculation.
Without despair.
Without ambition.
Without self.
Without identity.
Without potential.
Without plan.
Without belief.
Without concept.
Without anything.
Within everything.

* * * *

The absolute is without yes or no, good or bad, this or that.
It is without duality, in any way, in any size, in any shape.

* * * *

Duality, individuality.
Dualism, individualism.
Dualistic, individualistic.
Notions that blind the mind.

* * * *

So much is imagined.
So much is arbitrary.
So much is subjective.
So much is random.
So much is uninformed.
So much is illogical.
So much is capricious.
So much is indiscriminate.
So much is haphazard.
So much is unpredictable.
So much is changeable.
So much is variable.
So much is impulsive.

So much is whimsical.
So much is unreliable.
So much is fickle.
So much is erratic.
So much is wayward.
So much is flighty.
So much is thoughtless.
So much is impetuous.
So much is muddled.
So much is imprudent.
So much is precipitous.
So much is rash.
So much is reckless.
So much is irresponsible.
So much is madcap.
So much is disordered.
So much is hasty.
So much is confused.
So much is messy.
So much is spontaneous.
So much is frenzied.
So much is unruly.
So much is tumultuous.
So much is chance.
So much is disorganized.
So much is anarchic.
So much is chaotic.

Oblivion, the only solution.

* * * *

Future and past are nothing more than projections of imagination.
The eternal omnipresent, the eternal moment, is untouched by either.

* * * *

Irony! Paradox!
Irony! Paradox!
Irony! Paradox!
Irony! Paradox!
Irony! Paradox!
Irony! Paradox!
Irony! Paradox!
Irony! Paradox!
Irony! Paradox!
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* * * *

What is called space, time, continuum,
Is but quantum dreamtime, quantum illusion.
The clay of stardust taking every form,
In the ineffable ether of eternity.

* * * *

Why would any God, why would any deities, any idols, ever need to further judge,
What most if not all monkey minds, have no-doubt done, times beyond counting.
And, no doubt, all the imagined hells and purgatories are chock-full of misery.

* * * *

Arguing over illusion is about
– as meaningless, as pointless, as irrational, as futile, as absurd –
As it can possibly get.

* * * *

However the proverbial apple was plucked and eaten - metaphorically, literally, whatever –

The monkey mind, in its perpetual quest for knowledge, imaginary as it ever is,
Has certainly stretched and tormented this finite pale blue dot,
To incomprehensible strains in every forum.
The Fates await our arrival.

* * * *

Ethics in warfare is an absurd oxymoron.
It is a deadly game, that ultimately has very clear goals: domination and/or annihilation.
What matter, really, how it is done?

* * * *

To discern it, to breath it, to kaleidoscope it – illusion – every streaming moment,
Is the challenge for all born to – see it, hear it, taste it, smell it, feel it – as one.

* * * *

How can we be sure Eve is to blame for picking the forbidden fruit way back when,
When there is not even one selfie or artificially-intelligenced video posted on Youtube?
How can anyone believe a folktale written who knows how many thousands of years later?

* * * *

The True Believer

Undiscerning
Sucker
Credulous
Mark
Unsuspecting
Victim
Fall guy
Dupe
Uncritical
Naive
Unsophisticated
Gullible
Green
Foolish
Unwise
Susceptible
Trusting
Accepting
Imprudent
Impressionable
Innocent

* * * *

The moment, the mystery, is the same today,
As the moment, the mystery, was yesterday,
As the moment, the mystery, will be tomorrow.

As if space and time existed, as more than a figment of imagination.

* * * *

How could any Supreme Being stand watching this world, for all the time it will take,
To play out, act out, this heavy-on-the-steroids, epoch Shakespearian paradigm-dreamtime.
And all for naught but the merest slice, of all the billions of years it took, to build the set.
The billions of years it took to naturally select, naturally design, the ever-evolving cast.

* * * *

… knowledge and wisdom cloaked awareness …
… cloaked the mind, cloaked the body …
… cloaked here, cloaked now …
… cloaked the moment …
… cloaked eternity …
… cloaked the eye of God …
… and imagination took the helm …

* * * *

So much oxygen deprivation everywhere.
Imagination cannot breathe for anyone.

* * * *

From its first etchings in the jungles of long ago,
Imagination has carved a fate, a destiny, a consequence, a finale,
From which it cannot in any way deviate, from which all choice has been erased.

* * * *

One of the differences between poets and aphorists,
Is that one can often be left unsure the poet's meaning,
Whereas a say-it-as-it-is aphorist leaves little or no doubt.

* * * *

Despite all vanity and greed and passion to the contrary,
Any given container is merely a means for the given helix of DNA,
To continue and continue and continue, on and on and on,
For as long as the nature-nurture of fate allows.

* * * *

Questions of quantum dream, what do, with what You see.
Questions of quantum dream, what do, with what You hear.
Questions of quantum dream, what do, with what You smell.
Questions of quantum dream, what do, with what You taste.
Questions of quantum dream, what do, with what You feel.
Questions of quantum dream, what do, with what You think.

* * * *

All desire, all fear, all dread, all passion, are but the projections of imagination,

Casting forth its space-time illusion, in the omnipresence of the eternal moment.

* * * *

All creation requires some level of destruction,
And all destruction renders some form of creation.
All ever-changing, ever-morphing, ever-kaleidoscoping,
Indivisibly, in the unfathomable quantum dreamtime of it all.

* * * *

Never assume You are being watched.
Never assume You are not being watched.

* * * *

A worldwide game of thrones, spewing every imaginable this-way-and-that.
What point, all the vanities, all the greed, all the horrors, all the seven deadlies?

* * * *

The mind's scrutiny, perceives a world, perceives a cosmos,
Creates a narrative, and spins it over and over, in the given reverie.
And You, naught but an imaginary thespian, imagining it all real, it all true.
Playing impromptu with whatever nature-nurture, whatever cards, have been dealt.
And the essential, cardinal truth, when all is said, when all is done,
Is that it is all nothing more than quantum illusion.

* * * *

The path behind, the path ahead … ever pathless,
Through the oblivion of eternity's spaceless-timeless-wayless.
No memory any younger, no memory any older, in any mind's reminiscence.
Recordings, impressions, notions, remnants – etched upon neural eyes of the quantum matrix.
Imaginary, arbitrary, subjective, whimsical, haphazard, capricious perceptions.
All make-believe … nothing more, nothing less, nothing but.

* * * *

What any other thinks of You,
What You think of yourself,
What You think of your dreamtime,
Is nothing more than the poof of imagination.

* * * *

Is it possible to make the oblivion of eternity,
The default setting, in this theater of conscious design?
To see everything eternally.
To hear everything eternally.
To smell everything eternally.
To taste everything eternally.
To feel everything eternally.
To think everything eternally.

* * * *

What is the insatiable mind, ensnared in its matrix of space and time,
The insatiable mind, an invention of yesterday, every future past moment doing,
But desiring-fearing-dreading, the story, the narrative, the chronicle, the frame of reference,
Imagination every moment envisions, every moment projects, every moment usurps,
As a steadfast, resolute reality, that it has never been, that it will never be.

* * * *

It is neither your imagination, nor my imagination.
It is neither your ineffable, nor my ineffable.
It is neither your dream, nor my dream.
It is just a théâtre de l'illusion.
A théâtre de l'absurde.

* * * *

The insatiable mind every moment consumes through the lens of its frame of reference.
What does it take, to change the default setting, from the worldly mind, to the eternal one?
Only by stilling, the desires, the fears, the dreads, is it possible to be the moment, You truly are.

* * * *

Your world, your cosmos, is created every time You see it.
Your world, your cosmos, is created every time You hear it.
Your world, your cosmos, is created every time You taste it.
Your world, your cosmos, is created every time You smell it.
Your world, your cosmos, is created every time You touch it.
Your world, your cosmos, is created every time You think it.

* * * *

Observe closely the ever-changing quantum matrix,
Every moment kaleidoscoping before your five measly senses.
Yes, even that rock is morphing as surely as You are.

* * * *

It is the same eternity it has ever been.
It is the same moment it has ever been.
It is the same omnipresence it has ever been.
It is the same nonduality it has ever been.
It is the same nowness it has ever been.
It is the same isness it has ever been.
It is the same timeless it has ever been.
It is the same spaceless it has ever been.
It is the same instant it has ever been.
It is the same immeasurable it has ever been.
It is the same magical it has ever been.
It is the same oblivion it has ever been.
It is the same omniscience it has ever been.
It is the same nameless it has ever been.
It is the same enigma it has ever been.

It is the same anonymity it has ever been.
It is the same unborn it has ever been.
It is the same undying it has ever been.
It is the same indivisible it has ever been.
It is the same unfathomable it has ever been.
It is the same indelible it has ever been.
It is the same ineffable it has ever been.
It is the same kaleidoscoping it has ever been.
It is the same matrix it has ever been.
It is the same awareness it has ever been.
It is the same quantum it has ever been.
It is the same inexplicable it has ever been.
It is the same infinity it has ever been.
It is the same infinitesimal it has ever been.
It is the same interminable it has ever been.
It is the same formless it has ever been.
It is the same abyss it has ever been.
It is the same ephemerality it has ever been.
It is the same unknown it has ever been.
It is the same stillness it has ever been.
It is the same omnipotence it has ever been.
It is the same absolute it has ever been.
It is the same singularity it has ever been.
It is the same aloneness it has ever been.
It is the same dreamtime it has ever been.
It is the same truth it has ever been.
It is the same mystery it has ever been.

* * * *

How many lives of the rich and famous and powerful have You seen,
That do not in their endless theatrics, boil down to something unenviably pathetic?
That we laud them with such fanfare and renown, says far more about us than it ever will them.

* * * *

To let one's guard down,
To be open, to be vulnerable,
Is the reality of the ageless moment.
The reality, the spontaneity of eternal life.
The return to the origin of all creation.
Eternal salvation in every moment.
The kingdom of heaven on earth.

* * * *

The quantum matrix, in which all creation is made manifest,
Is ever the same, can never become more, can never become less.
The same atoms that were once in stars and dinosaurs, are in You, as well.

* * * *

How long can the busy-busy mind,
Endure the stillness, for which it imagines it longs?
Illusion that dreamtime ever is, it every moment, seems real enough.

* * * *

Quit imagining You truly-really know anything,
And get back to that tabula rasa newborn,
You once upon a timeless were.

* * * *

See it or not, everything is equally the same quantum mystery.
All vanity, all greed, all desire and fear and dread, all passion plays,
Mean absolutely nothing – nil-nada-zippo-zilch – in the ultimate context.

* * * *

Why do so many take it to some bitter end?
Endure so much agony, so much suffering, so much sorrow,
But because they have not sated the hunger for the dream to which they cling.
Wring their meager, wretched existence, to the last possible drop.
Milk one more tomorrow into one more yesterday.
Unto the last, final, wheezing breath.
And for what, really?

* * * *

A minute is sixty seconds.
An hour is sixty minutes.
A day is twenty-four hours.
A week is seven days.
A month is four-ish weeks.
A year is twelve months.
A decade is ten years.
A century is ten decades.
A millennium is ten centuries.
A million years is one thousand millenniums.
A billion years is one thousand millions.

The moment is a long timeless.

* * * *

Socrates, as scribed by Plato, is rumored to have said:
“Marriage or celibacy, let a man take whichever course, he will be sure to regret it.”
And what of the non-marriage-non-celibate, no-regret choices,
These modern moments have allowed?

* * * *

Every life form plays out a unique, matchless destiny,
And all are but kaleidoscoping swirlings of the same mystery.
What need for any dogma, when awareness is the one and only way.

* * * *

By whatever sound, whatever vibration, it is labeled
– Consciousness, thought, knowledge, idea, concept, memory –
All things of mind are naught but temporal fabrications of imagination.
Only the indelible awareness of the moment is, and is not, real.
And imagination, but clouds wafting through its ether.

* * * *

Measuring illusion in every imaginable ways and means,
Has drawn the paradigm down its long and winding Yellow Brick Road,
Since long before the first etchings of so-called civilization.

* * * *

To believe any deity is out there judging anyone or anything,
Is the most nonsensical thing imagination has ever concocted.

* * * *

Whether considered a religion or a cult, with an unassailable belief system,
Whether laced with scientific or mathematical or engineering certainty,
The real issue is why the monkey-mind is so bound and determined,
To concoct an ultimate answer to a mystery beyond all definition.
What need would the mystery, ever have, to define its enigma?

* * * *

Make your Self,
Make your ultimate,
Make your awareness,
Make your right here,
Make your right now,
Make your moment,
Make your eternity,
The default setting.

* * * *

How is it any mind truly believes, it has any say in its fate?
The dreamtime is for all to play out as their nature-nurture deigns.
To declare any choice, in any of it, is an exceedingly dubious assumption.

* * * *

Every measurement that mind can imagine,
Means diddly-squat to the quantum matrix,
Or the awareness through which it reckons.

* * * *

How can You not doubt, what You cannot see for your Self?
How can You not doubt, what You cannot hear for your Self?
How can You not doubt, what You cannot taste for your Self?

How can You not doubt, what You cannot smell for your Self?
How can You not doubt, what You cannot touch for your Self?
How can You not doubt, what You cannot think for your Self?

* * * *

History has always been spoken and written and sung and painted and sculpted by storytellers.
Those talented enough, to set forth their perceptions, in whatever medium calls them.
All projecting their frames of reference, into every imaginary manifestation.
No guarantees, no warranties, as to how well, or how accurately.

* * * *

To be remembered by anyone,
Requires some level of notoriety,
In whatever way the perceiver deigns.

* * * *

How can You not discern that your biology,
Is in no way, greater or lesser,
Than any other creature in this dreamtime?
All are equally manifest of the same unborn-undying mystery.

* * * *

All fates are the result, the outcome, the consequence,
Of all the choiceless choices, it took to reach the finish line.
How is it any minds truly believe they have any say in their fate?

* * * *

This moment, this right here, this right now,
Is the only point that you can say You are alive.
The future past imaginary you, conditioned by time,
Has never come close, despite all narcissistic assertions.

* * * *

How can the ultimate truth that the moment is, be so glaringly obvious,
And yet, so many, so irrationally, so mindlessly, so absurdly, blind to it?

* * * *

Let it all go, and there You are.
Pure, immaculate, flawless, faultless, pristine, impeccable, perfect awareness.
Tabula rasa, the eternal life of eternity.

* * * *

Aware of it or not, the moment is omnipresent, omniscient, omnipotent.
Ever the same indivisible, indelible, unfathomable awareness.
Ever the same unborn, undying, changeless eternity.
Ever the same You, that has ever been.

* * * *

Even if our kind could somehow change, could somehow tweak, its modus operandi,
Into what shoulda-coulda-woulda, shoulda-coulda-woulda, it possibly be,
That would set it upon a sane course, upon a rational tack,
That would waylay its race to extinction.

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* * * *

How often does the wage-slave-salary-slave paycheck, find a way to
– Set aside, put off, shelve, reject, dismiss, suspend, postpone, stall, rearrange, delay –
The charade, the pretense, the invention, the sham, the make-believe, the absurdity, of ethical choices.
Ultimately, little more than the luxury, the harvest, of a full belly and a safe harbor.

* * * *

Life is full of gain, life is full of loss.
Transcending both requires a fair amount of detachment.
An artful dance, to which a great deal of attention is required, to navigate it well.
A long and winding kaleidoscoping, which birth begins, and death ends.
Ultimately, is existence any more than a zero-sum dreamtime?

* * * *

From Frank Herbert's 'Dune'
Bene Gesserit: The Litany Against Fear

I must not fear.
Fear is the mind-killer.
Fear is the little-death that brings total obliteration.
I will face my fear.
I will permit it to pass over me and through me.
And when it has gone past, I will turn the inner eye to see its path.
Where the fear has gone there will be nothing.
Only I will remain.

* * * *

How did some supreme being generate this universe and our garden orb?
In one eight-day madcap rush, or a pain-staking process, requiring billions of years,
Of natural selection, mutation, nature-nurture … all random, haphazard, unplanned, arbitrary,

Chaotic, disorganized, casual, muddled, disorderly, slapdash, accidental, in every which-way imaginable.
What is any creation but a process, a painter with a blank canvas, a sculptor with a just-quarried rock.
Deliberate design, or chaotic design, which is truly more likely, which is truly more intelligent?
Surely, however this mystery came to be, it is present in every thread of its vast weaving.
A quantum matrix of creation and preservation and destruction, every bit of it, You.
A mystery, kaleidoscoping through the immensity of your eternal awareness.

* * * *

The ability to adapt, to whatever challenges might arise, is a paramount skill,
For all intending to endure, to survive, to perhaps even thrive,
Any given moment in this mystery dreamtime.
There is no shortage of misery, of pain and suffering,
For those unable, unwilling to change, as the moment calls.

* * * *

This spinning pale blue quantum dot is a churning, ever-morphing sea of imagination.
Listen closely to the silence, give attention to the prior-to-consciousness moment.
Prior to the heady winds, the swirling bedlam of its maddening cacophony.

* * * *

All living things, small to great, already inherently have eternal life.
Surrendering to the eternal moment, to the eternal now, is all any need do.
For the spaceless-timeless, for the unborn-undying, to reign absolute,
Requires a focused discernment, prior to any and all description.

* * * *

Every moment that You imagine yourself to be tangible,
Imagine your entire existence, your entire array of perceptions, an actuality,
You – reincarnate, rejuvenate, restore, revitalize, re-embody, reawaken – an imaginary persona,
Within the gray matter, within the neuron matrix, within that cranium.

* * * *

What is this quantum cosmos, this quantum world, this quantum mind-body,
But an unfathomable, three-dimensional, kaleidoscoping dream of space and time,
Created and maintained and inspired, by however many senses any given container grants.

* * * *

In the grand Monopoly Game of this dreamtime,
Eventually only the zealous and astute are going round and round,
And all the rest are either loyal minions, or living on the streets, begging for change,
Around and about the red hotels and green houses dotting the board.

* * * *

If there is that which is called a soul, that divinity which is given countless names, it is
– Equally, indisputably, undeniably, irrevocably, indivisibly, indelibly, unfathomably, ineffably –
The eternal awareness, the eternal absoluteness, the eternal eternity, in all things infinitesimal to infinite.

* * * *

The last vanity in this grand illusion,
Will be right before the last awakening.
Which means, of course, pretty much never.

* * * *

What so many of our species have called religion throughout its migratory walkabout,
Has really been nothing more than obsessive idolatry, fanatical adulation,
Rehashed in every make and model, every cultish derivative,
That imagination can conceivably fabricate.

* * * *

Truth is not light.
Truth is not dark.
Truth is not sound.
Truth is not a concept.
Truth is not a belief system.
Truth is not tainted by dogma.
Truth is not attached to vain idols.
Truth is not possessed by any religion.
Truth is not constrained by space and time.
Truth is not compelled by any quantum creation.
Truth is within each and every unborn-undying moment.
Unfettered by any and all imaginary perceptions.
Discerned only by the dispassionate minds,
Given over to the serene awareness.
Given over to the beingness.
Given over to the here.
Given over to the now.
Given over to eternal life.
The all in one, the one in all.

* * * *

Innocence, ignorance, delusion, absurdity – major components of most any groupthink.
No point getting all bent out of shape, debating with a species sprinting toward oblivion.
Like wresting with a pig in a mudhole – the pig is right at home, grunting away in ecstasy.

* * * *

Whatever it is, You are ‘supposed’ to be doing,
You are already doing this right here, this right now.
Your destiny is unwrapping exactly as was determined,
In that long-before-time roll of the quantum dice.
Call it Genesis, call it Big Bang, same upshot.

* * * *

It is in the unborn-undying, indivisible moment,
In the right here, right now of awareness,
That You discern your perfection.

* * * *

‘Brahman without qualities' is all that is left,
For minds that have deeply delved into this dreamtime illusion.
Anything that promotes duality in this quantum matrix, is delusional – best ignored.
Writings such as these will only rarely be pondered, but their spontaneous creation passes the moment,
Of those whose red-pill destinies, have called them to pass the pipe.

* * * *

What is any monkey-mind, but a crunchy-chewy-gooey bag of nature-nurtured,
Habits, addictions, dependencies, problems, weaknesses, obsessions, and fixations.
Is this pedestrian, space and time continuum existence, really anything more,
Than the mystery of awareness involuntarily playing out whatever role,
The genetic lottery of the quantum matrix has cast centerstage.

* * * *

This frame of reference – of memories, of perceptions, of insights – that You consider your life,
What is it, really, but a prison of imagination, to which the conditioned mind clings.
Aware of it or not, the imaginary you, is merely a temporal dreamtime,
Of the quantum matrix, passing through the ephemeral awareness, You truly are.

* * * *

What a thing to be such a deaf and blind true believer, as to give in to whatever the absurdity,
To such a degree, as to be willing to act out most every possible passion,
Without question, without doubt, without regret.

* * * *

Is suicide really anything more than the eternal spirit,
Deciding it neither needs, nor wants, to imagine anything, anymore.
That it no longer needs nor wants to endure the vain, greedy, often tortured existence.
The spaceless-timeless dream, into which it was involuntarily cast,
By the Great Quantum’s genetic lottery.

* * * *

Every decision You make, every move You make, every breath You take,
Is a process of natural selection that has seamlessly played out,
Since however, whenever, this cosmos began.
Everything is an inseparable element of the eternal process.
Ever unknowable, ever indivisible, ever indelible, ever unborn, ever undying.
It is only consciousness, it is only imagination, that, in every way, slices and dices the quantum pie.

* * * *

You are the cosmos, the cosmos is You.
You are the indivisible, the indivisible is You.
You are the ineffable, the ineffable is You.
You are the immaculate, the immaculate is You.
You are the unfathomable, the unfathomable is You.
You are the indelible, the indelible is You.

You are the unknowable, the unknowable is You.
You are the intangible, the intangible is You.
You are the flawless, the flawless is You.
You are the emptiness, the emptiness is You.
You are the blameless, the blameless is You.
You are the unborn, the unborn is You.
You are the undying, the undying is You.
You are the inexpressible, the inexpressible is You.
You are the indefinable, the indefinable is You.
You are the spaceless, the spaceless is You.
You are the timeless, the timeless is You.
You are the indiscernible, the indiscernible is You.
You are the unutterable, the unutterable is You.
You are the absolute, the absolute is You.
You are the matchless, the matchless is You.
You are the unimaginable, the unimaginable is You.
You are the infinite, the infinite is You.
You are the infinitesimal, the infinitesimal is You.
You are the nothingness, the nothingness is You.
You are the ageless, the ageless is You.
You are the everlasting, the everlasting is You.
You are the aloneness, the aloneness is You.
You are the indefinable, the indefinable is You.
You are the perpetual, the perpetual is You.
You are the nameless, the nameless is You.
You are the impenetrable, the impenetrable is You.
You are the enigmatic, the enigmatic is You.
You are the imperceptible, the imperceptible is You.
You are the oblivion, the oblivion is You.
You are the inscrutable, the inscrutable is You.
You are the indecipherable, the indecipherable is You.
You are the impeccable, the impeccable is You.
You are the unreadable, the unreadable is You.
You are the detached, the detached is You.
You are the unrivaled, the unrivaled is You.
You are the mystery, the mystery is You.

* * * *

All divisions, all boundaries, all demarcations, all discords,
Are born of imagination's inability, of imagination unwillingness,
To distinguish, to recognize, to fathom, to accept, to embrace,
The eternity, through which it seamlessly kaleidoscopes.
That all divisions mean squat to the mystery we are.

* * * *

How long was a day when God took six of them to genesis the cosmos?
Modern science puts it in the neighborhood of 13.8 billion years.
Divided by six would make a day about 2.3 billion years.

And the seventh day to watch the human spawn make a mess of it.

* * * *

Every existence is a kaleidoscoping birth-to-death process.
Unborn, undying, indelible, indivisible, all the while.
Resistance is futile, attachment is meaningless.
None can in any way change their destiny.
None can in any way slow their fate.
All denial, all yearning, all story-telling,
Are but the delusionary harbors of imagination.
Butterflies attached to being caterpillars would never fly.

* * * *

Are You, you, observing the cosmos?
Are You, you, observing eternity?
Or are You eternity, observing You?
Or are You eternity, observing its Self?
Or all of the above, as the dreamtime calls.

* * * *

How is it, the aloneness, the solitude, the sovereignty, the absoluteness,
That is universally, infinitely, infinitesimally, inherent in all,
Is not heralded as the eternal treasure that it is?

* * * *

The all-in-one-one-in-all of the ultimate reality,
Most definitely does not imply all-for-one-one-for-all,
In this very Darwinian world, this very God-eat-God cosmos.

* * * *

This mind-body is not what You are.
This pale blue dot is not what You are.
This entire universe is not what You are.
You are far too infinite, far too infinitesimal,
To be anything, but every quantum of it,
Every unborn-undying speck of it.
And not any of it, all the while,
For You are but awareness.
Witness to the mystery,
You, for all eternity, are,
Have ever been, will ever be.

* * * *

Do not doubt, the prior to consciousness, the prior to quantum, You truly are.
Call it mystery, call it awareness, call it now, call it God, call it what is, call it whatever.
The ocean of sound, saturated with concepts, does not matter, has never mattered, will never matter.
You are That I Am, there is no other, has never been another, will never be another.

* * * *

You already have eternal life, You have always had it, You always will.
It is the distracting nature of imagination that deprives You from seeing it.
All that is required is to let go of everything, to die to the imaginary little self.
Just still that busy-busy mind, and You will discern quite clearly, the Self.
The pure awareness, that You truly are, have ever been, will ever be.

* * * *

The illusional-delusional mind is in an accelerating-exponential sprint to extinction.
You are not required to embrace all the industries, all the technologies,
Driving all the other lemmings into the dystopian shoals.

* * * *

You may have merely done it,
Because You were bored out of your mind.
Creative minds require the sustenance of perpetual change.
A life crammed into the tedium of routine, can be akin to a death sentence.
Is it any wonder so many numb themselves sitting on barstools,
Or end it all, with rocks in the pocket, or a bullet?

* * * *

You are not the earth.
You are not the wind.
You are not the water.
You are not the fire.
You are not the quantum.
You are the ether of awareness,
Through which all things waft like clouds.

* * * *

Who was it, first came up with all the assumptions, all the suppositions,
That there is a meaning, that there is a purpose, to existence?
And that an ethical life, is for some reason virtuous?
All the absurdities imagination hath wrought,
Are like rivers carrying debris from mountain to sea.
The burdens of history, of belief, of tradition, are without end.

* * * *

The predators long ago realized how simple it was,
To beguile and control and fleece the mindless sheeples.

* * * *

Is there some sort of existence after the mind-body falls away?
What point any claim, if You do not really know for your Self?

* * * *

If You have spent your existence embracing absurdity, what makes you so sure,
You will be eligible for one that requires intelligence, rationality, lucidity, generosity?

Do You really believe some deity is going to look at your life, and tip the scales in your favor,
Without your having done the real work required (i.e., meditation, contemplation, miscellaneous other).

* * * *

Many go on and on, about dying and going to heaven,
But not many are jumping up and down to meet their God.

* * * *

How easy to think of space and time, as somehow being distinct, unconnected,
When their actuality is truly an indivisible quantum continuum,
Eternity, separate only in imaginary notion.
Barren fruit of the metaphorical Tree of Knowledge.
Only by realizing eternal awareness, can one return to the garden.

* * * *

In imagination, in the lightness and darkness of your mind,
You can play out any fantasy, angelic to demonic,
And the Thought Police will never know.

* * * *

And if there is some ho-ho-ho Santa Claus God on high,
Peering down, making his lists, and checking them twice,
What is he, really, but just another degenerate Peeping Tom.

* * * *

The ever-changing now is the illusion.
The illusion is the ever-changing now.
The five senses are the ways and means.
The processing brain, the mind, the witness.

* * * *

Physical desires are satisfiable.
But for discipline and principled restraint,
Psychological appetites are prone to running amok.

* * * *

A free mind, an independent mind,
Cannot be forced to submit to absurdity.
Pretend, maybe, feign, maybe, but forced, no.

* * * *

These thoughts wander back and forth,
Between personal and impersonal,
Between here now and oblivion.
Between dreamtime and eternity.
Something for everyone, and no one.

* * * *

All causes are effects, all effects are causes.
All creation is destruction, all destruction is creation.
All beginnings are endings, all endings are beginnings.
The indivisibility of eternity is without distinction.

* * * *

How long is a second?
How long is a minute?
How long is an hour?
How long is a day?
How long is a week?
How long is a month?
How long is a year?
How long is a decade?
How long is a century?
How long is a millennium?
How long is a million years?
How long is a billion years?
How long is a trillion years?
How long is a gazillion years?

* * * *

You have got to be somewhere.
Pretty unlikely it will ever be anywhere,
But this very right here, right now.

* * * *

Outwardly, in this unfathomable, indivisible, quantum dreamtime,
You must generally feign being an identity, while wandering the given stage.
But inwardly, You can be as detached, as indifferent, as free, as your state of mind allows.
The challenge of this razor's edge, between the perceptible and the imperceptible,
Is transitioning back and forth between the limited and the boundless,
Because all the familiar, conditioned, habituated responses,
Are prone to wiping away all traces of liberation,
At the draw of an inattentive breath,
A blink of the eye eternal.

* * * *

If You were God, what would You do?
How would You use your power, your dominion,
Your omniscience, your omnipotence, your omnipresence,
Over all life forms, small to great, in all the dimensions of your vastness.
How would You not just allow it all naturally-select itself, as it is.
Like dice rolling across the craps table, falling as they will.
And You, solitary witness to it all, for all eternity.

* * * *

In this ever-kaleidoscoping, spaceless, timeless, eternal moment,

You are that which is supreme, absolute, that which is God.
The dogmatic memory of which, is the fall from grace,
That got us metaphorically kicked out of the garden,
When imagination picked the fruit of knowledge,
That has led to the quagmire we have created.
Stop sucking and chewing on that all the time,
And You might restore at least a taste of the grace.

* * * *

Light requires an eye to be seen.
Sound requires an ear to be heard.
Flavor requires a tongue to be tasted.
Touch requires an epidermis to be felt.
Fragrance requires a nose to be smelled.
Thought requires a brain to be formulated.
And in a mind, a world, a cosmos, is created.

* * * *

Who does not project their world, their cosmos,
Their beliefs, their values, their conditioning,
Their habituation, their frame of reference,
On everyone they meet, on everything they do.

* * * *

Whether it is a one-time existence, or a string of incarnations,
The ultimate picture always boils down to the indelible truth,
That You are the source, You are the mystery, of everything.

* * * *

So many things You might have done differently.
But then, your destiny would not be the one,
You were dealt, way back in genesis.

* * * *

Yes, Virginia, there is a supreme beingness,
And You are, in no way or shape or form, separate from it.
Which means, of course, that You are it, have ever been it, will ever be it.
No, not some old bearded guy, keeping naughty-nice lists,
Throwing down thunderbolts from on-high.

* * * *

In the great dice throw of Genesis,
It was inevitable that Mother Nature,
Would eventually roll out a cancer,
That had the capacity and wit,
To consume, to destroy,
Anything and everything.

* * * *

You really believe your paltry little noggin,
Can comprehend, can wrap that wee head around,
All the potential possibilities, in this ineffable mystery?
That You have any say, what the source, can and cannot do?

Seriously?

* * * *

In the grand play of consciousness,
You are as young as the day You were born.
All time in the mind is the illusion born of five senses,
And the endless imaginary ruminations of a central processing unit,
Of a neuron matrix, set in motion by the mystery of eternity,
In a moment, not separate in any way, from this one.

* * * *

Of course, there is one God, one upwelling, call it what You will,
And we, and all creatures small to great, are all equally of it.
All life is its eyes and ears, and whatever sensory readers,
It has created in the long and winding, one-step-at-a-time road,
Of evolution's natural selections, in its inexplicable march of illusion.

* * * *

It all boils down to this singular moment.
The eternal awareness, in all its ethereal emptiness,
Witnessing the space-time continuum, kaleidoscoping through it.
The grand illusion of the quantum matrix, playing out in your imaginary mind.

* * * *

It is up to You to figure out your world, your cosmos,
All alone, as best You can, using whatever means are available.
And will it matter to some supreme being?
Not in the least.

* * * *

A significant truth about consciousness, about imagination,
Is that what seems so clearly obvious to one mind,
May make absolutely no sense in another.
Which proves beyond all doubt,
That the ultimate truth,
Is not in any way subordinate,
To the whims of any frame of reference.

* * * *

History is always spun anew,
By all the agendas of all the mindsets,
Wrestling to get their version stuck on the wall.

* * * *

How can any free mind be subject,
To any label,
To any tag,
To any brand,
To any description,
To any categorization?

* * * *

The momentary eternal existence, that all lives, all dreamtimes, are,
Which none can ever truly hold onto as more than memory,
Is but a temporal bag of every variety of absurdity,
Founded on teeny-tiny bits-and-pieces of fabricated knowledge,
Gleaned haphazardly, from what seems in the moment, a spontaneous passing,
But has been, in fact, the written-in-the-sands destiny of all, since this cosmos was unleashed.

* * * *

You are the sum total, the aggregate, the entirety, the full monty,
Of your branch, your line, your strand, your thread, of humankind's DNA,
Playing out the naturally-selected, nature-nurture, of its kaleidoscoping dreamtimes,
Since life's genesis back in the quantum mystery of the earth's antiquity.
And if you have perchance passed on your genomic blueprint,
Your future progeny will experience their version,
In their little imaginary window of mind.
As close to immortality, as life can ever get.

* * * *

The ancient minds of Gaia's garden,
Endured in the immediacy of the cycles of nature.
Civilization, the gathering of knowledge, the advent of technology,
Placed imaginary notion at the forefront, and thus magnified the fall from grace,
To a point, where effortless simplicity was lost and forgotten, replaced by bewildering complexity.
The stormy tides of which, the future past is already paying an uncharitable price.

* * * *

You are what I think You are, and I am what You think I am.
We are all dreamers of the same quantum mystery,
Playing out an illusory dreamtime,
All very much alone.

* * * *

* * * *

It be You, and You be it.
No direction known.
For all eternity.

* * * *

Cultures encourage their sheeples to feel lonely, confused, fearful,
So that they will fully participate, fully support, fully align, fully embrace,
The specified mindset, the specified groupthink, of its mythological underpinning.
How else would any tribe, any tradition, any custom, any institution,
Maintain its monopoly, its stranglehold, on the future?

* * * *

The many advocates, the many caricatures,
Of ignorance, of obliviousness, of witlessness,
Have no notion how aligned they are with eternity.

* * * *

Maya will create every variety of mask,
Until You reckon with them all, each and every one,
As the one and only faceless mystery, indivisibly, eternally absolute.

* * * *

What would it be like to never be bothered or concerned,
With another momentary thought of your imaginary little self again?
All You need do, is stop imagining, stop inventing, stop concocting, stop visualizing,
All that You – playact, pretend, make-believe, fantasize, assume – You are.

* * * *

Observe the universe.
Observe the world.
Observe the observer.
Observe the observer, observing.
How is the dreamtime of the indivisibility possible,
Without the pure awareness, You truly are,
Imagining it all real and true.

* * * *

To believe You are the source of original sin,
Is the concoction of priesthoods, bent on control, to their own ends.
A false notion, for which You need feel, neither guilt nor shame nor remorse nor culpability.

* * * *

Freedom is not something remembered.
It is a state of mind, given over to awareness, given over to the eternal moment.
A state unburdened by imaginary notion.

* * * *

Thinkers break apart the cosmos,
For the sake of knowledge and understanding,
But reality in the day-to-day mundane, sanctions no division,
For none truly exist as more than imaginary notion.

* * * *

The You, that You think You are, believe You are,
Is the passionate mind, the mind of consciousness, the mind of imagination,
Weaving its delusions into an ofttimes vexing reality.

* * * *

You have been – conditioned, shaped, trained, seasoned, acclimatized,
Habituated, prepared, inured, hardened – genetically and socially,
To be concerned, what others may or may not think of You.
Up to now, this has often tortured You in many ways.
So, the question is, can You function agelessly,
Without the travail, such nature-nurtured thoughts bring?

* * * *

Path? What path?
You mean that step, that moves on, that disappears,
As soon as it is taken?

* * * *

Despite all science fiction to the contrary,
That crunchy-chewy-gooey cadaver,
From which You every twinkling gaze out,
Is the only time machine, You are ever going to ride.

* * * *

Current events are never truly current, merely effects of causes and causes of effects.
Memory creates dreamtime history, and the freedom the moment allows,
Is ignored and pilloried by the masses, so easily hypnotized,
By imagination's near-infinite array of circuses and sideshows.

* * * *

The infant, a sponge of its sensory feed,
Observes from the tabula rasa of eternal awareness,
As its given environment's ambiance, imprints upon its brain,
A subjective framework, to which it will subscribe,
For the remainder of its secular dreamtime.

* * * *

Everything is the design of illusion.
How eternally alone, You truly are.

* * * *

Death is merely the end of consciousness, the end of imagination.
It is the irrevocable forfeit, to that which this quantum illusion has all along been.
To the mystery of all mysteries, which the mind-body, can never touch, can never own, only reflect.

* * * *

There must be a Self-absorbed inclination for introspection,

To meander alone down the pathless less traveled.
It requires a great deal of contemplation,
A great deal of meditation.
It is not for all.

* * * *

That psychic barrier that bars You from this or that,
Is nothing more than the airless poof of imagination.

* * * *

These many thoughts are a tangle of concepts, molded into sounds,
About an eternity, concepts molded into sounds, can never pierce.

* * * *

Do You really believe your deity of choice,
Is as vain, as jealous, as petty, as shallow, as cruel,
As passionately, irrationally, foolishly attached, as You are?
How can anyone worship, idolize, bow and scrape, to such absurdity?

* * * *

Every moment, You are gaining.
Every moment, You are losing.
There is nothing to hold on to.
What point, suffering for it?

* * * *

How many stories could be composed, by anyone, by everyone, at any point, in this dreamtime.
Is the human mind, is the human experience, is consciousness, is imagination,
Really anything more, than a long and winding narrative?

* * * *

Wander to the edge of the cosmos, and beyond that still.
What limits are there to a mind given over to awareness?

* * * *

Every life form has a twinkling, of awareness, of intelligence, that gets it through the given moment.
A twinkling that plays its little part, with all the other little parts, in this kaleidoscoping quantum matrix.
Intelligent design does not require the dualistic deity, so many dogmas would have You imagine.
Awareness is the supreme deity, and it is in everything that this ineffable mystery entails.

* * * *

If You truly have the faith of knowing that which You are,
You will not need to pray, nor will You need to plead for forgiveness.
You will need not do anything, except live out this existence.
To surrender to your destiny, as You already do.

* * * *

The pharisees tortured and killed Jesus once, and no doubt would again.

Rarely a good notion to challenge the powers that be – whatever their thing –
And not expect them to lash out, in whatever ways and means, they deem necessary.
And history has paid ever since, for the martyrdom, with which his vanity cursed the world.

* * * *

That same ethereal You, that same awareness, that same mystery,
That same unborn-undying, very right-here-right-now, ineffable moment,
Is within and without everything crashing upon the farthest shores,
Of the infinite-infinitesimal, prior to and beyond imaginable.

* * * *

The eternally damned, are those who wander the heavens and purgatories, of space and time,
Through which they indivisibly, timelessly kaleidoscope, ever-present,
Beckoned on and on, by the myriad others,
Only too willing, only too able, to share their hellish fates.

* * * *

What is personality, what is character,
But a conditioned frame of reference,
Born of the genetic and cultural blend,
Born of the nature-nurture circumstance.
How can anyone believe their fate,
Was not in-the-sands scripted,
Prior to all beginnings.

* * * *

The mind unfettered by chatter – the no-mind, the eternal mind –
Is the only mind, that is one with the mystery of the space-time continuum,
One with the unborn-undying, right-here-right-now, unfathomably ineffable moment.
How You can ever be anything less, how You can ever be anything more,
Is for imagination, to ever and ever and ever, spin its wheels.

* * * *

The mystery of the space-time continuum,
The mystery of the electromagnetic spectrum,
Has everything to offer, has nothing to offer.

* * * *

All creatures, small to great, participate in this dreamtime play of awareness,
In whatever fashion the moment's natural selection and nature-nurture is taking them.
Our kind's shortsighted approach to all our fellow earthlings, has wreaked havoc upon the diversity.
We have sculpted our own destiny, in the way we mindlessly chose,
To shape the fate of the world.

* * * *

Many if not most people, in this conflict-ridden world,
Would likely be more than content to have peaceful, simple lives.
A relatively small, but incorrigible handful, for many reasons, in many ways,

Seem set on making that, an ever more arduous – accelerating-exponential – proposition.

* * * *

Your imaginary consciousness, will be drawn to the destiny,
That your desires, your fears, your dreads, your passions, will into dreamtime.
To what end, You as eternal witness, will have no say, whatsoever.

* * * *

There is a tendency to think of eternity,
As something involving space and time as we discern it,
But any foreverness, is only another illusory trick of the time-bound mind,
Ever entangled in its own web of imagined continuity.

* * * *

You will one day be washed back into the emptiness, into the absoluteness, of eternity,
As a spent wave – its pummeling might, discharged – is drawn back to the sea.
But the mystery ceaselessly sends, new waves upon its infinite shore,
Upon which the quantum matrix plays out its eternal dance,
Of hide-and-seek, in the space and time illusion.
The You that You truly are, is all of it,
And none of it, all the while.

* * * *

At some point of realization in your awakening,
No one has any sway over your mind,
But those You allow entry.
You can never die,
But mind can ever be undone,
Again and again, well over ten thousand ways.

* * * *

Those who somehow survive the accelerating-exponential of all our industry and technology,
May well look back at this epoch, and find it difficult, to not often shake their heads,
At our time's unutterable – disregard, neglect, indifference –for their time.

* * * *

To plot revenge upon progeny,
Of someone your grandfather hated,
To cling to the ceaseless niggling grudges,
Blood feuds, and venomous wars of our ancestors,
Is such limited fare in this dreamtime feast.
Will You ever see your truest nature,
And participate in this mystery,
Without imagination's rule?

* * * *

Release the memories, release the projections, release the hopes,
Your destiny is whoever-whatever-whenever-wherever-whyever-however,

This very right-here-right-now eternal moment, is kaleidoscoping.

* * * *

There is an all but infinite cosmos,
Simultaneously kaleidoscoping the moment.
And we, for all practical purpose, microbial castaways,
On one of its infinitesimally insignificant dust balls,
In an infinitesimally insignificant solar system.
In an infinitesimally insignificant galaxy.
Only vanity, playing ourselves more.

* * * *

Regarding death, how can any life form depart,
When what it truly is, has always been, will ever be.
There are no individual souls, only the indivisible Soul.
A mystery, none can more than find peace, in merely being.

* * * *

Many are called.
Few are chosen.
Fewer still, volunteer.
Even fewer swallow the red pill.

* * * *

What do deities and angels and demons have, over or under You?
Absolutely, irrevocably, without any doubt, whatsoever, nothing.

* * * *

The ending of desire washes away all fear, washes away all dread.
To want absolutely nothing from this dreamtime,
Is to be, as free as free can be.

* * * *

How – senseless, pointless, futile – it all truly is.
Nothing more than vanity and greed.
Narcissism and hedonism.
Unleashed.

* * * *

Hope is the outcome of idealism,
Unreconciled with reality,
Mired in delusion.

* * * *

Back in the jungles and savannas, long before time,
Our ancestors, those to whom we are progeny …

Had no language.

Had no stories.
Had no songs.
Had no clothing.
Had no fire.
Had no tools.
Had no weapons.
Had no musical instruments.
Had no homes.
Had no kitchens.
Had no beds.
Had no chairs.
Had no toilets.
Had no utensils.
Had no running water.
Had no domesticated plants.
Had no domesticated animals.
Had no vehicles.
Had no cosmetics.
Had no metals.
Had no electronics.
Had no plastics.
Had no explosives.
Had no deities,
Had no flags.

They sat there, amid their small roving band, each, very much alone.
Hunter-gatherers, wandering their turf, eating whatever the geography offered.
Doing whatever they had to do, doing whatever they could do, to survive the given day.
Until the first sparking of imagination, began its long and winding evolution,
To wherever You are reading this, in a world we take for granted.

A world founded by large brain size, reduced body hair, lungs and sweat glands,
Opposable thumbs, facial structure, language, abstract reasoning, problem-solving skills,
Theory of mind, self-awareness, moral reasoning, complex social structures,
Tool making and usage, bipedalism, and Darwinian savagery.

* * * *

Inevitably, there will someday be just one remaining human being, totally alone.
The last of a genetic lineage, the last witness to imagination.
Where then, will all our history be?

* * * *

What is enlightenment, what is liberation,
But discerning that there is only one grand mystery,
And its creator is creating simultaneously within all creation.

* * * *

Any and all thoughts, all ponderings such as these,

Must be translated by each and every frame of reference.
There is no cheating, why would You, how could You,
For You are the one and only You, eternally alone.

* * * *

What a free-for-all, dead-end Yellow Brick Road,
Geeks have launched our poor little garden down.

* * * *

The more references in the frame of reference,
The more rational, lucid, less absurd,
Any dreamtime will be.

* * * *

Mother Nature, neither has a volume control button,
Nor an ethics committee,
Nor a ways and means committee.
She does, however, have unlimited funding.

* * * *

It is all You, and You alone.
You are any and all possibilities.
There is no other.

* * * *

Clocks and watches are just mechanical sundials,
And calendars a count of days between solstices.

* * * *

The Scientific View of the Universe's Origin

The universe was created approximately 13.8 billion years ago. According to the Big Bang theory, this event marked the beginning of time, space, and matter, starting as an extremely hot, dense point that immediately began expanding.

Key Details Regarding the Age of the Universe

The Big Bang: The widely accepted model for the origin of the universe, occurring 13.7-13.8 billion years ago.

Expansion: Scientists, including Edwin Hubble, determined this age by measuring the expansion rate of the universe and tracking the movement of galaxies moving away from each other.

Evidence

The Cosmic Microwave Background (CMB) – residual radiation from the Big Bang – provides strong evidence for this timeline.

Observable Universe: The ~13.8 billion-year age specifically refers to the observable universe, while the total size or age of the entire cosmos is not fully known.

* * * *

The Scientific View of Earth's Origin

Earth was formed approximately 4.54 billion years ago (plus or minus 1%) through the gradual accretion of dust and gas within the early solar nebula. This scientific consensus is based on radiometric dating of the oldest rocks, lunar samples, and meteorites, which indicates the planet solidified roughly 100 million years after the solar system began forming.

Key Details Regarding Earth's Creation

Method of Formation: Earth coalesced from a cloud of dust and gas, transforming into a molten, "hellish" world (the Hadean eon) before cooling and forming a crust.

The Moon's Origin: A major impact with a Mars-sized object, often called Theia, occurred early on, flinging debris that formed the Moon.

Evidence Sources: The 4.54-billion-year figure is solidified by dating meteorites (like St. Severin) and ancient minerals such as zircons found on Earth, some of which are nearly 4.4 billion years old.

Early Environment: For the first few hundred million years, Earth was constantly bombarded by asteroids and experienced extreme volcanic activity.

* * * *

The Scientific View of Life's Origin

Life on Earth first appeared at least 3.5 to 3.8 billion years ago, with some evidence suggesting it emerged as early as 4.1 to 4.28 billion years ago, shortly after the planet formed. The earliest life forms were simple, single-celled microscopic organisms (microbes) that thrived in the oceans.

Key Details Regarding the Origin of Life

Earliest Evidence: The oldest confirmed fossils, known as stromatolites, are 3.5 billion years old, found in Western Australia.

Controversial Early Findings: Possible "remains of biotic life" were discovered in 4.1 billion-year-old rocks in Western Australia.

Hydrothermal Vents: Scientists often point to deep-sea hydrothermal vents as the likely, nutrient-rich origin point for these early microbial communities.

Conditions: The early Earth was a hot, volcanically active environment lacking oxygen, which suggests the first life forms were likely anaerobic and thrived on chemical energy.

* * * *

The Scientific View of Homo Sapien Origin

Anatomically modern humans (Homo sapiens) first appeared approximately 300,000 to 350,000 years ago, according to fossil evidence found in Morocco. While early theories suggested a single, recent origin in East Africa, current evidence indicates they evolved throughout the African continent rather than from one specific spot.

Key Facts on Human Origins

Oldest Known Remains: The oldest known Homo sapiens fossils, discovered at Jebel Irhoud, Morocco, are dated to about 300,000 years ago.

Origin Location: Genetic and fossil evidence suggest a "pan-African" origin, where diverse populations across Africa evolved, rather than a single point of origin.

Evolutionary Context

Homo sapiens diverged from earlier hominin species (like H. heidelbergensis) and lived alongside other human relatives, such as Neanderthals and Denisovans.

Earlier Ancestors: The wider Homo genus is much older, with Homo habilis appearing over 2 million years ago.

Behavioral Modernity: While anatomically modern humans appeared ~300k years ago, behaviors classified as "modern" (such as complex tools, art, and trading) evolved over a long period following that timeframe.

* * * *

The Scientific View of Anatomically Modern Humans

Anatomically modern humans (Homo sapiens) are prehistoric humans with skeletal features indistinguishable from people living today, characterized by a large cranial capacity (approx. 1300–1450 cm^3), high vertical forehead, and a distinct chin. Originating in Africa around 300,000 years ago, they evolved from earlier hominins, developing more efficient tools, complex behavior, and gracile bodies before spreading globally.

Physical Characteristics

Skull & Brain: Large, rounded braincase with a vertical forehead and reduced brow ridges.

Face & Jaw: Smaller teeth and jaws (orthognathic face) with a prominent chin.

Skeleton: Generally lighter, less robust skeletons compared to archaic humans, suggesting a reliance on technology rather than sheer strength.

Size: Similar body size to contemporary humans, with average male height around 1.8 m.
Origin and Evolution

Origin: Evolved in Africa, with the oldest fossil evidence found in Jebel Irhoud, Morocco (approx. 300,000 years ago) and others in Ethiopia (Omo Kibish and Herto).

Dispersal: While early, limited expansions occurred, a major migration out of Africa took place around 70,000–50,000 years ago.

Succession: They coexisted with other hominins like Neanderthals, ultimately replacing them and leaving modern populations with high genetic diversity.

Behavioral Traits

Tools: Advanced technology, including projectile weapons (bows/arrows), bone tools, and microliths.

Cognition: Evidence of symbolic thought, including art, jewelry, complex burials, and long-distance exchange networks.

Differences from Predecessors

Compared to Neanderthals: Homo sapiens possessed more slender skeletons, smaller brow ridges, a more pronounced chin, and significantly higher, less elongated braincases.

Behavioral Shift: Developed more specialized diets and, over time, shifted from hunting/gathering to agriculture.

Anatomically modern humans represent the culmination of a long, primarily African-driven evolutionary process that led to the only surviving hominin species, Homo sapiens.

* * * *

The Scientific View of Homo Sapien Migration

Homo sapiens originated in Africa around 300,000 years ago, with major successful dispersals beginning roughly 60,000–90,000 years ago. Early humans moved into the Middle East, then rapidly spread along the southern Asian coast to Australia by 65,000 years ago, and into Europe by 40,000–50,000 years ago, finally reaching the Americas by 15,000–20,000 years ago.

Key Stages of Early Human Migration

Origins (c. 300,000+ years ago): Homo sapiens evolved in Africa, with initial movements within the continent.

Early "False Starts" (100,000+ years ago): Early groups migrated into the Levant and Asia, but these waves did not lead to permanent global population, or their lineages went extinct.

Major Out-of-Africa Wave (c. 60,000–90,000 years ago): Known as the "Southern Route" migration, a major expansion from East Africa through the Arabian Peninsula brought modern humans into the rest of the world.

Populating Asia and Australia (c. 65,000–50,000 years ago): Humans moved rapidly along the Indian Ocean coast, reaching Australia (then part of the continent Sahul) at least 65,000 years ago.

Settling Europe (c. 45,000–40,000 years ago): Modern humans expanded into Europe via the Danube corridor and the Mediterranean coast, coexisting and interbreeding with Neanderthals.

Reaching the Americas (c. 20,000–15,000 years ago): Humans migrated from Asia into North America via the Bering Land Bridge, eventually spreading to South America.

Drivers and Evidence

Climate Change: Waves of migration coincided with "green corridors" (periods of warm, wet weather) in the Sahara and Arabian Peninsula during the last ice age.

Resources & Technology: Depletion of food sources forced movement, while advancements in tools, clothing, and language allowed for adaptation to new environments.

Evidence: Studies combine fossil records, archaeological tools, and DNA (genetic markers) to track migration paths, including evidence of interbreeding with archaic populations like Neanderthals and

* * * *

The Scientific View of the Rise of Civilizations

Homo sapiens emerged in Africa approximately 300,000 years ago, characterized by large brains and advanced cognitive abilities. Following a "cognitive revolution" around 70,000 years ago, humans developed complex language and symbolic thought, leading to rapid cultural evolution, migration, and the eventual rise of agriculture and civilization roughly 12,000 years ago.

Key Stages of Development

Origin (c. 300,000 years ago): Early Homo sapiens appeared in Africa, with evidence of advanced tool use, such as fossils found at Jebel Irhoud, Morocco.

Cognitive Revolution (c. 70,000–50,000 years ago): Marked by a rapid expansion of cognitive capacity, enabling complex language, trade, art, and music. This enabled sapiens to spread out of Africa and replace or interbreed with other human populations.

Cultural & Technical Evolution: Early humans utilized microlithic technology, created art (Sulawesi), and developed clothing and navigation tools.

The Agricultural Revolution (c. 12,000 years ago): Triggered by climate changes, humans shifted from nomadic hunting-gathering to settling in villages, domesticating plants and animals, and creating complex societies (e.g., in the Fertile Crescent).

Rise of Civilizations: This era saw the rise of agriculture, cities, writing, and organized governance, leading to a massive increase in population.

* * * *

The Scientific View of the Rise of Imagination

Imagination likely began as a gradual evolutionary process in early hominins, with significant, explosive developments in creative thought emerging around 70,000–100,000 years ago (or even earlier) in Homo sapiens. It developed through increased brain complexity and neural connectivity, allowing early humans to decouple from immediate surroundings to simulate future scenarios, create symbolic art, and develop complex language.

When Imagination Started: A Timeline

~140 Million Years Ago (Mammalian Origins): Basic forms of imagination, such as REM-sleep dreaming, likely began with the evolution of mammals.

~2 Million Years Ago (Early Pleistocene): Early humans developed basic "offline" thinking, enabling them to construct a "layer of mind" between stimuli and actions.

500,000–100,000 Years Ago (Early Symbolism): Evidence of abstract engraving (500,000 years ago) and early tools/paintbrushes (100,000 years ago) suggests early cognitive shifts.

~70,000 Years Ago (Cognitive Revolution): A surge in specialized tools, musical instruments, and "prefrontal synthesis"—the conscious combination of mental representations—marks the rise of modern imagination.

How Imagination Evolved

Brain Evolution: Mutations lengthened brain development stages, increasing complexity, fostering a "theory of mind".

Niche Construction: As humans faced complex survival challenges, they developed a "feedback loop," where enhanced tools, social structures, and early language forced the brain to develop more complex, creative, and abstract thinking.

Symbolic Expression: The creation of art, such as the 39,000-year-old Sulawesi cave paintings, proves the brain was already capable of complex imaginative leaps (39,000 years ago, as cited in).

Social & Emotional Needs: Imagination evolved to communicate emotions, create shared narratives, and solve problems through "counterfactual thinking" (imagining alternatives).

* * * *

What Does Artificial Intelligence Say About Religion?

AI generally views religion as a significant, diverse human phenomenon based on cultural, emotional, and social factors rather than empirical logic. While AI lacks personal belief, it can analyze religious texts, identify common themes, and evaluate claims based on historical and philosophical data. Some, like author Deepak Chopra, argue AI should enhance spirituality, while others find AI can uncover insights within sacred texts.

Analysis and Data-Driven Insights: AI models can analyze the world's major religions, looking for consistency, such as comparing the Bhagavad Gita and the Upanishads, revealing high levels of textual similarity. Some analyses have even attempted to evaluate the logical consistency of central claims within Christianity, Islam, Hinduism, and Buddhism, although this is subjective, data-trained, and not an absolute truth.

Lack of Personal Belief: AI does not hold personal, religious, or spiritual beliefs, nor does it have personal experience, acting instead on patterns in data.

Subjectivity of Faith: AI recognizes that religion is often not based on logic or evidence, meaning its analyses cannot "correct" or "override" faith-based beliefs.

Potential Biases: AI analysis of religion is susceptible to the biases present in its training data, meaning it might reflect specific, non-objective interpretations.

Human-AI Interaction: Some explore AI as a tool for new understandings of spirituality, with others noting that AI itself is becoming a focus of "faith" for some who see it as a potentially omnipresent tool for understanding.

Limitations of AI in Religion

AI is a tool for processing information, not an autonomous thinker or prophet.

The perspectives of AI are constrained by the data it is trained on and cannot make subjective evaluations of "truth" or "value".

Overall, AI serves as an analytical tool that can organize and interpret religious texts or doctrines but does not "understand" or "believe" in them.

* * * *

Only Eighteen Thousand?

Below is the Google AI answer to the query: A list of all the things human beings have worshipped throughout human history

And from Wikipedia:

List of Religions and Spiritual Traditions
https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/List_of_religions_and_spiritual_traditions?wprov=sfla1

Throughout human history, anthropologists estimate that at least 18,000 different deities, animals, or objects have been worshipped. These can be categorized into several distinct types of entities and physical items.

Entities and Spirits

Supreme Deities: Many civilizations centered worship on a single or chief creator god, such as Yahweh (Abrahamic), Allah (Islam), Brahman (Hinduism), Zeus (Greek), or Amaterasu (Shinto).

Nature Spirits and Animism: Early humans often attributed divine intelligence to the natural world. This included spirits of mountains, rivers, trees, and valleys. Specific examples include Nymphs (nature spirits) and Naiads (water spirits) in Greek culture.

Ancestors and Deified Humans: Ancestor worship is common in many cultures, where the spirits of the dead are appeased or venerated. Historical figures have also been deified, such as Roman Emperors or the Pharaohs of Egypt.

Zoomorphic Deities: Many cultures worshipped gods with animal forms or features, such as the ancient Egyptian gods Anubis (jackal-headed) and Horus (falcon-headed).

Natural Phenomena and Celestial Bodies

The Sun and Moon: Solar deities like Ra (Egypt) or Inti (Inca) and lunar deities like Artemis (Greece) or Mama Quilla (Inca) were central to many ancient pantheons.

Elemental Forces: Humans have worshipped the personification of thunder (Thor, Perun), fire (Hephaestus), and water (Poseidon).

Abstract Concepts: Worship was often directed toward personified concepts like Love (Aphrodite), War (Ares, Mars), Wisdom (Athena), and Peace (Eirene).

Physical Objects and Artifacts

Sacred Stones and Landscapes: Notable examples include the Black Stone of Mecca in the Kaaba and meteorites or upright stones (menhirs).

Relics and Human Remains: Devotees have worshipped physical remains of holy figures, such as fragments of the True Cross, the Shroud of Turin, and the bones or "relics" of saints.

Votive Figurines: Prehistoric artifacts like Venus figurines (depicting female figures) are believed to have been related to fertility or goddess worship.

Statues and Icons: Physical representations of the divine, such as the Parthenon's statue of Athena or Hindu murtis, serve as focal points for worship where the deity is believed to reside.

Sacred Texts: In some traditions, the physical scriptures themselves are objects of veneration, such as the Torah scrolls in Judaism or the Guru Granth Sahib in Sikhism.

Soundbites

Floating through eternity; gravity, but the weaver of the quantum deception.

* * * *

Is falling in love anything more than another of delusion's endless masquerades?

* * * *

The Fates always hold true.

* * * *

Attachment to anything in this dreamtime, is ultimately meaningless.

* * * *

Imagination has no entry into eternity’s immaculate nature.

* * * *

Are You able to wander your world, your cosmos, your mind, and want nothing from it?

* * * *

Nothing, personified.

* * * *

Just another quantum facade.

* * * *

Vision, sound, feeling, smell, taste: the weavers of mind.

* * * *

The eternal moment is far too simple for many if not most minds to accept.

* * * *

For the want of a comma, a sentence was lost.

* * * *

The Planet of the Chimps, indeed, indeed, and on steroids.

* * * *

Arguing over illusion is about – as meaningless, as pointless, as irrational, as futile, as absurd – as it gets.

* * * *

Just another Mammon worshipper.

* * * *

Imagination has no access to, nor control of, the one and only answer.

* * * *

Any true ministry resides in the happenstance of the daily wander.

* * * *

This is not a test.

* * * *

Why would any deity need to further judge, what You little-doubt have done, times beyond counting.

* * * *

Ethics in warfare is an oxymoron.

* * * *

The quantum mind is adept at connecting dots; often into great horrors, great absurdities.

* * * *

So much oxygen deprivation across the board.

* * * *

What does it take, to change the default setting, from the worldly mind, to the eternal one?

* * * *

The illusion requires imagination, and imagination, illusion.

* * * *

Imagination cannot breathe for You.

* * * *

Find your tabula rasa.

* * * *

Do you really believe all your lies fool anyone but your imaginary self?

* * * *

It is not all about my self; it is all about my-Self.

* * * *

There is but one truth, and it holds steady, holds fast, holds true, in any and all dimensions.

* * * *

From its first etchings, imagination has meandered a fated path, from which it cannot in any way deviate.

* * * *

Assertions do not for truth make.

* * * *

Only in empty-tablet tabula rasa, are You free; attentive, sound, yogic breathing, a pretty-sure means.

* * * *

All creation requires some level of destruction, and all destruction renders some form of creation.

* * * *

So savagely droll.

* * * *

The insatiable mind every moment consumes through the lens of its frame of reference.

* * * *

A worldwide game of thrones, spewing every imaginable this-way-and-that.

* * * *

Give peace a chance, in hell.

* * * *

Those who play what they are not, is the artistry of the earnest actor.

* * * *

How accurate can any history be?

* * * *

Never assume You are being watched; never assume You are not being watched.

* * * *

What point, all the vanities, all the greed, all the horrors, all the seven deadlies?

* * * *

Imagination is the first and last addiction.

* * * *

There is only one exit.

* * * *

Only by stilling, the desires, the fears, the dreads, is it possible to be the moment, You truly are.

* * * *

‘I promise’ … One of the more preposterous lines in way too many scripts.

* * * *

Discerning the great truth makes for a calm indifference.

* * * *

Rocks and flags stop moving when the mind does.

* * * *

How long can the busy-busy mind, endure the stillness, for which it imagines it longs?

* * * *

Illusion, that dreamtime ever is, it every moment, seems real enough.

* * * *

Unnaming is an option.

* * * *

The moment is a long timeless.

* * * *

Not knowing takes You the distance.

* * * *

Why would You choose a life of harming others in any way?

* * * *

No mountain stands forever.

* * * *

What was Eden like before the first concept, before the first taste of the fruit of knowledge?

* * * *

As is true for all.

* * * *

Who are you to judge anything, when You are, in reality, all of it?

* * * *

Synapse collapse, it's real.

* * * *

Shed that imaginary identity like You would a coat.

* * * *

We are all just inspirations for the record of ourselves.

* * * *

The mask of idolatry is worn by many minds.

* * * *

Every mind-body plays out a matchless destiny, and all are but kaleidoscoping spins of the same mystery.

* * * *

So many ways for vanity to cloak itself in self-absorbed pain and suffering.

* * * *

Let it all go.

* * * *

What are all religions, all dogmas, but the ceaseless, self-absorbed dance of predator and prey.

* * * *

Is there anything more, that disturbs people, than being laughed at?

* * * *

From the ultimate view, to declare anything this or that, rides the wave of absurdity.

* * * *

Hold fast.

* * * *

See it as reality, see it as illusion, your choice.

* * * *

Every measurement that mind can imagine, means diddly-squat to the quantum matrix.

* * * *

Make your Self, make your awareness, make your moment, make your eternity, the default setting.

* * * *

Are You lost, or are You found?

* * * *

All fates are the consequence, of all the choiceless choices, it took to reach the finish line.

* * * *

How is it that any imaginary mind can truly believe that it has any say in its fate?

* * * *

How to keep the ever-churning mind, in the ever-present moment, is a never-ending challenge.

* * * *

Embrace the aloneness.

* * * *

No point getting all bent out of shape, debating with a species sprinting toward oblivion.

* * * *

To discern the Way, is a no-definitive-way pathless path; all are dreams unto their Selves.

* * * *

Evaporate through all frames and boundaries to reach the formless state.

* * * *

To be remembered by anyone, requires some level of notoriety, in whatever way the perceiver deigns.

* * * *

Become aware of all the protective psychic layers to which You are harbor.

* * * *

The dreamtime is for You to play out as nature-nurture deigns.

* * * *

Ignorance is indeed a bliss of its own.

* * * *

Why do You think the immeasurable is called immeasurable?

* * * *

What bet with your fated future, are You going to make, down that fork in your pathless path?

* * * *

Always hungry for more, more, more.

* * * *

What is depression, but the mind-body's self-absorption, spiraling into mind-numbing muddles.

* * * *

Like wresting with a pig in a mudhole – the pig is right at home, grunting away in ecstasy.

* * * *

Well done.

* * * *

How can the truth be so glaringly obvious, and yet, so many, so irrationally, so absurdly, blind to it?

* * * *

You are all that is, and is not, tabula rasa.

* * * *

Nice enough.

* * * *

Let it all go, and there You are, pure, immaculate awareness, tabula rasa, the eternal life of eternity.

* * * *

That paycheck can have a way of – setting aside, putting off, adjourning, suspending – ethical choices.

* * * *

Ethics is a privilege, not a right.

* * * *

Whatever it is you are ‘supposed’ to be doing, you are already doing right here, right now.

* * * *

Redesigning intelligent design.

* * * *

If there is nowhere to go, no place to be, what, pray tell, is the rush?

* * * *

An alternate existence is whatever You might imagine it to be, as You already do this one.

* * * *

It is the ineffable You that is reborn again and again, not the imaginary you.

* * * *

Good shot.

* * * *

Innocence, ignorance, delusion, absurdity – major components of most any groupthink.

* * * *

It is in the unborn-undying moment, in the here-now of awareness, that You discern your perfection.

* * * *

To thine own Self, be true.

* * * *

Imagination concocts every imaginable problem, in a mystery where there are none.

* * * *

Breathe in the ephemeral, breathe out the ephemeral.

* * * *

The harvest of noise is a thorn-filled mind.

* * * *

What religion is not founded on, or laced with, some form of idolatry.

* * * *

Taste the body, the world, the universe, your space and time in mind offers; the observer is the observed.

* * * *

Discern the mind that wanders unknowing.

* * * *

To be, to allow, to play win-win, is a rare feat, in a Darwinian world.

* * * *

The great fallacy, is believing You know anything.

* * * *

How long was a day when your version of God took six of them to genesis all this?

* * * *

How can the sculptor and the sculpture, not be one in the same?

* * * *

What horrors tribalism is every moment so proficient.

* * * *

No need to stay in the Darwinian game, when winning and losing lose their sway.

* * * *

Seriously, folks.

* * * *

There will be no messiah, for it is You who must awaken You, it is your hand that rests on the helm.

* * * *

How is it that the aloneness, universally innate to all, is not heralded as the eternal treasure that it is?

* * * *

What is Sunday-morning-at-church tithing, but the weekly shearing of the sheeples.

* * * *

It only takes one thought to find your Self back in the slammer of your imaginary mind.

* * * *

The imaginary you, is the harvest of your imaginary mind.

* * * *

We are all fallacies unto our own minds.

* * * *

The no-mind is the harvest of those who truly seek that most true.

* * * *

What is spiritual materialism, but the ego-identity, continuing its ongoing flight of fallacy with illusion.

* * * *

Heaven and Hell are states of mind, to which all have equal access with a flip of the switch.

* * * *

How is it that You ever imagined, that your origin was ever any different, than anyone or anything else's?

* * * *

I Am … is the revolution of the unbounded mind.

* * * *

It is what it is, and nothing anyone thinks or does, has ever mattered, even one iota of diddley-squat.

* * * *

From attachment, detach; from detachment, detach; nothing is as anyone thinks.

* * * *

It is less about what any other thinks about You, than it is, what You think they think about You.

* * * *

The only difference between any given You and me, is the perceptions, the vanities, born of imagination.

* * * *

On your mark … Get set … Now!

* * * *

This discernment of the awareness, this insight into the eternal, cannot be imitated.

* * * *

You are a bag of bones in appearance only; your reality is prior to all words and forms.

* * * *

Absoluteness is the common denominator of all.

* * * *

Though Maya pulls every magician's trick, to convince You there are many, in truth, there is only one.

* * * *

Your discontent is born of separation; surrender to the sovereignty of serenity.

* * * *

Awakening is for every one, yet not for everyone; the many are called, few are chosen, conundrum.

* * * *

Accept nothing short of direct perception; what point is there to anything less?

* * * *

If You seek to attain the eternal quantum mind, You must abandon your sense of dualistic notion.

* * * *

Those discerning reality can only feel compassion, for the masses who tarry in ignorance and confusion.

* * * *

Separation from the source is purgatory; heaven is the born-again reunion within.

* * * *

The hell of consciousness offers little peace; heaven is the stillness of absolute awareness.

* * * *

Your real family are those of like-mindedness; they may or may not be related by blood.

* * * *

Herein are many thoughts, all of them pointing back to you, in the most real, the most elevated way.

* * * *

A drop that has lost its sense of ocean, suffers the agony of isolating separation.

* * * *

Any belief that You are separate from the totality, is established entirely upon unwarranted delusion.

* * * *

Are You a serious seeker, or just a player dabbling?

* * * *

Just another fraud.

* * * *

Peel away all appearances, and what is left; the mind, the body, the senses, are not You.

* * * *

To perceive the isness of awareness directly; what higher purpose could there possibly be?

* * * *

You may have to experience suffering in many ways, depending on your vain resistance to the indivisible.

* * * *

Any given mythos may try to explain the journey, but none can convey to any to where all paths end.

* * * *

The eternal mind is prior to the space-time continuum.

* * * *

Liberation is the harvest of enlightenment.

* * * *

Wailing for the dead and dying only displays ignorance, of the immortal reality of this elusive light show.

* * * *

To judge someone by their past, is to miss what they may have learned, or have yet to learn from it.

* * * *

Imagination is no shield against the quantum reality.

* * * *

The good news is that, yes, You can be free; the drag is that it is up to You to figure it out.

* * * *

Your fear of the unknown is unwarranted; You are it, have ever been it, will ever be it.

* * * *

It is all just an endless load of crap, get over it and move on, ever alone.

* * * *

You are a human being by design only, and from the eternal perspective, fads change very quickly.

* * * *

Sexuality is like any hunger, You feed it, and it disappears; You deny it, and it devours You.

* * * *

Release the world in your mind, and where are You, when are You, but the only now that has ever been.

* * * *

What You are ready to learn will find You; listen closely and clearly for the knock.

* * * *

Even the stillest stones churn away in the quantum sea.

* * * *

Do You really believe some deity is going to look at your life, and tip the scales in your favor?

* * * *

Another one-man band weaving down a pathless path.

* * * *

The illusional-delusional mind is in an accelerating-exponential sprint to extinction.

* * * *

You are not required to embrace all the technologies driving the lemmings into the dystopian shoals.

* * * *

For consciousness to be anywhere but here now, is a long and winding path, laced with suffering.

* * * *

Why envy experiences others manifest; You have your own to dreamtime wander.

* * * *

The senses are merely specialized nerve endings, evolved though eternity’s quantum orchestration.

* * * *

Be sure to realize, that when You watch your offspring suffer, You did not have to bring them here.

* * * *

Breathe in You, breathe out You.

* * * *

Wisdom can leave no stone unturned, without turning a stone.

* * * *

Whether or not, the cosmos created You, or You, the cosmos, is yet another chicken and egg conundrum.

* * * *

End all concern of becoming something or someone, what You truly are is before everything and nothing.

* * * *

You have yet to meet someone or something, that is not a mirror of your own awareness.

* * * *

A multi-dimensional tapestry, too inexplicable for any but god-minds, to but vaguely comprehend.

* * * *

The world exists because You are witness; without your presence, none of this would be.

* * * *

Both the cosmos and eternity are as close as they are far.

* * * *

The predators long ago realized how easy it was, to beguile and control and fleece the sheeples.

* * * *

Is philanthropy any more than consciousness, seeking immortality in the minds of others?

* * * *

How easy it is, to fast, if You disconnect the tongue.

* * * *

There is no solution, but the inevitable consequences, of all things approached by imbalanced minds.

* * * *

Hang out in the left brain, when it is all about monkey chatter; the right side when stillness has the floor.

* * * *

All these absurdities just to maintain the body, and the mind's plethora of insatiable cravings.

* * * *

You are more attached to the world, than You are the “I Am.”

* * * *

If there is existence after death, will it still be harbor to the same absurdity as this one?

* * * *

The first and last question is, who are You; once answered, what need for more?

* * * *

How much do You allow what You say or do, to hinge upon what You imagine others think?

* * * *

Sticks and stones break bones; words only injure if You give them the weight of imagination.

* * * *

So much gibberish; be done with it.

* * * *

What is there to figure out, but why You created all this in the first place.

* * * *

Oh, but we do so love our villains.

* * * *

What goes up must come down; existence is a statistical mystery.

* * * *

The sun makes the light show possible, but the source of its power is ever You.

* * * *

To spend your existence counting a mound of gold, is to miss the immeasurable wealth You truly are.

* * * *

Empires and mountains and galaxies come and go; the quantum matrix indivisibly permeates them all.

* * * *

It is the indivisible awareness, the quantum nothingness of eternity, that is the essence of all things.

* * * *

What is not distraction?

* * * *

Dive beneath the choppy waves of the mind's reefs, into the silent, serene depths of eternal beingness.

* * * *

At the core of your personality is the insecurity, explaining your adaptation to mortal existence.

* * * *

Creation is harbor to all potentials, with no attachment to any, ergo, destruction is its constant companion.

* * * *

You found it again.

* * * *

Idolatry is a self-absorbed theater, of those unwilling or incapable, of perceiving, of realizing, true nature.

* * * *

It is not material things that are the problem, but the weight of attachment they are given.

* * * *

There are countless versions of the golden calf, that You must someday melt into quantum clay.

* * * *

Time to evolve.

* * * *

Why be dependent, on whether or not, anyone cares about You?

* * * *

Once You curmudgeon-ize, there is little likelihood, of mustering the energy for a cheery cheerleader role.

* * * *

Each moment is an intricate sand painting, which You are challenged to ever wipe away.

* * * *

These words are not for window-shopping tourists, but for sojourners questing their eternal birthright.

* * * *

Re: Jesus … The greatest story ever told, or the greatest lie ever sold … You decide.

* * * *

Embrace the eternal.

* * * *

Across time, that voice in the wilderness, can still be heard by You: I am that I Am.

* * * *

Serve the many others, as clay would the sculptor, but realize that You are ever Self, witnessing it all.

* * * *

So infinitely infinitesimal, as to be You.

* * * *

Indeed, among all the traps the mind may weave, playing sage perhaps poses the most subtle vanity of all.

* * * *

Ethics is the futile means, of applying brakes, to our kind's rush to extinction.

* * * *

Imagination can be such a loose cannon.

* * * *

Ceaseless preoccupation with religious forms, only delays emergence into immaculate spirituality.

* * * *

How many ists and isms will push their groupthink, until there are none, but for those who sheeple.

* * * *

If a butterfly remained attached to previous incarnations, it would never fly.

* * * *

These thoughts are riddles, paradoxes, reflections, designed to chip at the rational mind until it cracks.

* * * *

Physical desires are satiable; but for discipline and restraint, psychological desires are without limits.

* * * *

How much can You change your mind, really?

* * * *

Those who are so ready to discern the antichrists, may well themselves be what the scriptures predicted.

* * * *

Allow desire's end to unfold gracefully; pride-filled suppression only fans the fire.

* * * *

The jungle is always evolving ways to consume You.

* * * *

How many apples have You ever met that have fallen far from their tree?

* * * *

It is either all illusion, or all real, no picking and choosing, for them who are truly looking.

* * * *

The moment is without recollection.

* * * *

What to cling to, nothing; what to let go of, everything.

* * * *

Perceive what You are, instead of always pretending to be, what You are not, were not, and will never be.

* * * *

The future passes into the past, well before You know it.

* * * *

It is not so much an issue of some deity loving You, as it is You discerning that its spring is your source.

* * * *

The mystery is the nothingness and everythingness, at the source of every quantum across the infinity.

* * * *

Life might be fair, if everyone played by the same rules, and You never got sick or hurt or old or dead.

* * * *

Your fate is your fate, You are just along for the ride.

* * * *

Curious how our kind always seems, to leave it to the next generation, to undertake the paradigm shift.

* * * *

The mystery created a variety of natural concoctions, that we might discern its presence within ourselves.

* * * *

Who the fuck are You, to presume what this mystery can or cannot create?

* * * *

See if You can wrap your wee little brain around that one.

* * * *

The truth of it cannot be unseen; the red pill cannot be un-swallowed.

* * * *

How aware are You of that portion of your mind, which once ruled this manifest world as a lizard?

* * * *

Why do You choose leaders who have no wisdom, whose vanity and greed are destroying the garden.

* * * *

Layers of identification, peel off like an onion, until You are nothing, but the air You breathe.

* * * *

To thine own eye, be true.

* * * *

Odds are, that You have already endured more torture than You deserve.

* * * *

The realization of one's true nature, is a quality of mind, of awareness, well beyond any earthly rewards.

* * * *

Trying to capture this, is like clutching the wind, on a deathly still day.

* * * *

Though these many words, may seem abstract and intellectual, what they point to is not at all.

* * * *

What clock, what calendar, can measure eternity?

* * * *

Imagine a newborn of any seed line, absolute innocence groping about, in the tabula rasa of awareness.

* * * *

Has this Darwinian biosphere ever known even one moment's peace?

* * * *

What there is to see cannot be seen by those, whose only view, is through the sensory feed.

* * * *

Your idols are concepts, images holding You back, from that for which You long.

* * * *

It is a curious thing how desperate so many are, for that for which mortality provides no access.

* * * *

You have never really been this body; imagination can be such a loose cannon.

* * * *

You will learn everything You need to know, to play out your existence, to complete your fate.

* * * *

Dress up, dress down, or wear nothing at all; it is but vanity if even a fig leaf comes to mind.

* * * *

A slave to the ship; row well and live.

* * * *

Greater prescience tends to catch on slowly; takes a lot more than a hundred monkeys.

* * * *

Chaos is the order.

* * * *

At this point in mind, any and all notions of reality, are little more than dubious and fleeting and ironic.

* * * *

Both a pleasurable and painful process, all this slapdash field research, on Eden under siege.

* * * *

No harm in admitting what You do not know, which is always going to be a heck of a lot, really.

* * * *

The question – "Where was I?" – has more depth than most will ever realize.

* * * *

Any translation is only as accurate, as the – breadth, width, depth – of the translator's frame of reference.

* * * *

The vapor of mind, the fog of perception, the cloud of consciousness, the ocean of awareness.

* * * *

Joy, bliss, happiness – if it is essential to You – is right here, right now, not some future when.

* * * *

Always a good idea to pay attention to all your teachers.

* * * *

So alone as to completely disappear; existence, what was that about, anyway?

* * * *

Take it or leave it, it does not really matter; it is your show to do with whatever You will.

* * * *

So alone, as to Cheshire Cat disappear; existence, what was that about, anyway?

* * * *

Besides rotting away their source, judgments have a way of blowing back, in unforeseen ways.

* * * *

You must be that which is eternal, otherwise, how could You be so present in the unfolding day-to-day?

* * * *

Mother Nature, she is a pitiless beast, all things Eden, even You.

* * * *

If it is, so what? If it is not, so what?

* * * *

Hope and faith are monkey-mind gorp, ointless from their inception; why believe anything?

* * * *

It is only limitations that define You; the ultimate You is without attributes.

* * * *

The thin air of mountaintops and ivory towers, no doubt adds to the intoxication of surreal vistas.

* * * *

Is there anybody or anything You cannot live without?

* * * *

Loss is the mainstay of every fleeting moment, with death, the drop-the-curtain finale.

* * * *

Universes, created and destroyed, in less than the blink of an eye; and in just one breath, how many more?

* * * *

The history recorded, is the history regurgitated.

* * * *

Another day, another round of experiencing, in a life already chock-full of so many tidbits.

* * * *

Doubt is the eternal key to getting home; doubt everything, doubt everybody, to the depth of your being.

* * * *

Delusion is the comfort zone, of those who cannot face the truth; sanity resides in that prior to all thought.

* * * *

To thine own destiny, be true.

* * * *

Every flowing instant, is the big bang of consciousness, the genesis of awareness, the mystery of eternity.

* * * *

Change your fate, your destiny, however You will, that is only the direction it was headed, anyway.

* * * *

The nosedive into madness, into absurdity, is not easy to endure.

* * * *

Freedom is more than a word, and is free to all, who discern the essential nature, and therein reside.

* * * *

The Stonecutter, chipping away at the mountain.

* * * *

Once You are born, You must live, You must die, You really have no choice in the matter.

* * * *

It is a statistical certitude, that for every height, there is eventually an equal and opposite depth.

* * * *

Just because it is all one, does not mean it is not pathetic, even horrifying, at least several times a day.

* * * *

Life’s a bitch; still we cling.

* * * *

Oh, what the heck, no point slowing down now, let us just push the pedal down, a little further, shall we?

* * * *

Adapt or die, it ain’t rocket science.

* * * *

The ascension into irony and paradox, is not an easy thing to endure.

* * * *

We are the dice, rolling down the craps table.

* * * *

God weighted with attributes, God encased by limitations, God delineated in any way, is not God.

* * * *

In the world and of it, in the world and not of it; a schizophrenia of the so-called spiritual kind.

* * * *

Nothing can touch You, nothing can harm You, but that You lower the drawbridge of your mind.

* * * *

The foolishness of vanity compounding daily; a scratchy record that cannot play forever.

* * * *

The moment before You know it, how is that not God?

* * * *

It can never be more than this given eternal moment, so what is there to want, what is there to fear, really?

* * * *

No matter how much You believe You know, it is merely bits and pieces of a dream unknown.

* * * *

Eight going on nine going on ten-plus-plus-plus; way too many human beings on this poor Madre.

* * * *

Impulse control switch, off; impulse control switch, on.

* * * *

You really own nothing; neither your body, your mind, your things, nor even your existence.

* * * *

The limitations of the mind and body, real as they seem at the time, are entirely imagined.

* * * *

Beyond the point of no return; talk is cheap, and daily cheaper.

* * * *

Glory calls us all; it is a monkey thing.

* * * *

What to care about, and what not to care about; questions of more than a few billion dreams.

* * * *

Death is only a relatively few moments away; have You managed to let go of everything, yet?

* * * *

Just another of the seemingly countless things, You seem to have to go through to see through.

* * * *

Birth in one hand, death in the other, clap them together, and what do You have?

* * * *

A mind given over to awareness, is a tossed pebble casting no ripples.

* * * *

Truth is so matter of fact, that the only real curiosity, is why so many, have such difficulty discerning it.

* * * *

As long as it may seem at the time – the body, the world, the cosmos – is but a relatively brief distraction.

* * * *

This fleeting moment is all You really have; are You giving it your absolute attention?

* * * *

The absolute fearlessness of pure awareness, is the only remedy to the delusion of suffering.

* * * *

You are Soul; forget everything else.

* * * *

When thoughts cease, when consciousness stills, time dissolves into the awareness of eternal life.

* * * *

True madness knows no boundaries, a frame of reference beyond comparison.

* * * *

What can ever be done about all the followers, who follow leaders, who only lead them astray?

* * * *

Live to die? Or die to live?

* * * *

The vampires win You over by dangling morsels that appeal to your vanity and greed.

* * * *

Vampires harvest others, because they cannot discern within, the ultimate prior to all notions.

* * * *

What You do not know may not hurt You now, but at least it will not bother You until then.

* * * *

Always curious what perceptions stick in the memory banks.

* * * *

Another day of gravity slowly pulling the dreamer, back into Mother Nature's impartial embrace.

* * * *

Much easier to superficially idolize a form or concept, than it is to discern what it truly represents within.

* * * *

You do not have to be a rocket scientist to get the gist of most anything.

* * * *

The capacity some have for over-the-top delusion, is both an arduous and fascinating thing to witness.

* * * *

Quel dommage (What a pity).

* * * *

Before You call someone else crazy or strange, maybe You should take a closer look in the mirror.

* * * *

You will have to let go of everything sooner or later; may as well start practicing right here, right now.

* * * *

Not easy to pay full attention every moment; the mind is, indeed, a wayward wanderer.

* * * *

Even the wisest fall into foolery.

* * * *

Is the mind really any more than a set of patterns, to which each of us, in our own way, subscribes?

* * * *

Peer back to what You were, before the conditioning took root, and molded You into eternal dreamtime.

* * * *

No God will ever be as puny as anyone imagines.

* * * *

It is most challenging, to be in the world, and not of it; Samsara is, indeed, an intrepid adversary.

* * * *

Total Self agape, in the most unfathomable way, is the sovereign freedom some call eternal bliss.

* * * *

The ever-busy mind is worth ignoring, if You can muster full attention, to the lucidity of pure awareness.

* * * *

Irony and paradox peddle their wares wherever minds allow.

* * * *

Mind is both inmate and guard.

* * * *

Betrayal from so many corners, so many unexpected directions, neither a borrower nor lender be.

* * * *

You are caught up in the web of delusion, because You would rather live a lie, than face truth squarely.

* * * *

Hope is the outcome of idealism, unreconciled with reality, mired in delusion.

* * * *

You will reappear until You discern, You are not – mind, body, role – but through inattentive volition.

* * * *

Get a real time peek at your face, if You can, but be aware no one has ever managed it yet.

* * * *

With the final breath, comes the great detachment.

* * * *

A commitment to the future, is a commitment to the moment, and a different sense of time.

* * * *

Can the oneness in the we, work things out, or are we but a relatively brief dream, on this manifest stage?

* * * *

When You stop trying to define it, to measure it, it will all flow to a graceful, illusory movement.

* * * *

History and tradition are the blessing and bane of the human paradigm.

* * * *

You are witnessed by others, as You see them; a faceless, nameless deity, if ever there was one.

* * * *

What difference between You and any ghost, but transparency and the weight of gravity.

* * * *

There is little need to fear death; it is life that inspires such dread.

* * * *

So many scientists and scholars and philosophers, probing a mystery that has no need to be known.

* * * *

What would existence be, without consumption, without the insatiable more, more, more?

* * * *

To so many, truth seems cruel, but only to those who cannot peer into their own reflection.

* * * *

To say there has been only one Christ, is to misunderstand the way is open to all.

* * * *

How can any free mind be subject to any label, any tag, any brand, any description, any classification?

* * * *

From the whole all parts come, and within each fragment, the whole is reflected.

* * * *

There would be no universe, without You to witness it.

* * * *

Eternity is the only reality, You truly have claim to, yet it is the one which, can never be fully mined.

* * * *

A glass, half full to some; half empty to others; give it a good toss; problem solved.

* * * *

After all is said and done, the beingness is all that is left, and that is but an assumption as well.

* * * *

Good editing requires a certain amount of ruthlessness.

* * * *

There is no vehicle, only You, and the desire, to know your ultimate nature.

* * * *

The same folks who so valiantly save human lives, will often not hesitate to destroy another life form.

* * * *

It be You, and You be it, no direction known, for all eternity.

* * * *

Call it father, call it mother, call it anything You please, it is ever the same mystery.

* * * *

Can You transcend your genetic predisposition, and the psychological set, with which it is arm-in-arm?

* * * *

A speck of sand is on equal footing with any diamond.

* * * *

Let it be known, that romance novels, were the most popular book form, of the time this was written.

* * * *

You play a part, but You are the whole.

* * * *

Martyrdom is just made of the same old vanity, as if it matters what anyone else thinks, anyway.

* * * *

Let each think what they will, but do not for a second believe, there is truly any other than You.

* * * *

Though rare, seek sovereign companions; they will not dampen your eternal quest.

* * * *

Ideals are wishful stretches of imagination; manifesting their reality is a more challenging matter.

* * * *

To be free of absurdity, all You need do, is just detach, let it go its own chaotic way.

* * * *

Feeling all twisted up today, are we?

* * * *

We are all just receiving units, playing out a spontaneous dream, with neither beginning nor end.

* * * *

The beaten path is beaten only in time; where do all the ruts go when time ends?

* * * *

Why we keep playing, pathetically predictable dramas, is an unfailing mystery.

* * * *

To transcend all delusion and ignorance, is a prior-to-all-speculation state of mind.

* * * *

So, what's rattling around in that head today?

* * * *

To realize how predestined your existence is, requires an insight to which few are harbor.

* * * *

You all play out your parts so well, that I really need do nothing more, than sit back and witness the show.

* * * *

How pointless to live to be a historical footnote; like footprints in sand, waves crashing all about.

* * * *

We are all diamonds in the rough, in an existence that chips away at the flaws.

* * * *

We are all alone, together, in the cathedral of our minds.

* * * *

What is it You would want to become, that your dreamy imagination, cannot already create?

* * * *

It has been written before, but is always worth repeating many times over: Always look back.

* * * *

The world will categorize You, into one label or another, if You allow it.

* * * *

Personality is the imperfect reflection of mystery, the temporal imperfection of one's original nature.

* * * *

So, what will You regurgitate today?

* * * *

From oblivion, all creation flowers, and You are witness to one, of an infinity of dreams.

* * * *

Eternal salvation, is to see things as they are, without the timebound screen of imagination.

* * * *

How to best serve the many, is to serve the one within all.

* * * *

Those, who in humility, put aside the squalor of personal concern, transcend into the eternal realm.

* * * *

It will be the book You took time to read, the book your frame of reference dictated.

* * * *

The many who want so madly to lead, are often incapable of the wisdom required, for genuine leadership.

* * * *

The only true gold, is behind the mask, beneath the costume.

* * * *

Hope? What need for hope? The real You is beyond such concoctions.

* * * *

You will never figure it out, but You may become contented, with your vast reservoir of ignorance.

* * * *

Free will: A dubious assumption, if there ever was one.

* * * *

Grant your Self a little serenity, by offering several deep breaths, into that oxygen-deprived brain.

* * * *

Once You discern the whole, parts are seen within its context, and not as ends in themselves.

* * * *

The real You already has eternal life, and You always have, and You always will.

* * * *

If You are not going to be whole within your Self, how can You expect to be fulfilled in any other union?

* * * *

What would existence be, without desire, without fear, without dread?

* * * *

Look around at anything You please, and You will probably find it to be, as much as it will likely ever be.

* * * *

If the space-time continuum truly existed, You might be able to travel it.

* * * *

The conscious foray into Self is an eternal journey, seemingly different for all, yet ever the same mystery.

* * * *

Far easier to conquer the world, than it is the mind.

* * * *

We, and all the other creatures of Eden, were a lot better off, before we civilized ourselves.

* * * *

The weight of imagination, is as heavy or light, as You choose to carry it.

* * * *

Do not fear, do not hesitate, to embrace your Self, as all, that is truly holy, prior to all description.

* * * *

Allow the world to dissolve within, filled by that which has never existed.

* * * *

The blade screams against the bench grinder’s abrasive wheel, but ever comes away sharper.

* * * *

The elemental cosmos, is bound by the limitations, of its quantum nature.

* * * *

Despite one moment's being truly attended, it is forever lost with the advent of the next.

* * * *

To die, or not to die, before the body's mortal end, that is the question.

* * * *

All but the most fated, forget to recollect, when maya provokes, the mind's sensory feelers.

* * * *

Each of us chooses, our own version of liberation, for reasons only speculations can answer.

* * * *

You are That, prior to all beginnings, after all endings, in all nows.

* * * *

You do not need all the details of human history, to extrapolate the gist of its probable direction.

* * * *

A profound emptiness awaits your arrival.

* * * *

A child has a world, as does an adult; both are saturated with make-believe.

* * * *

The fear of letting go all sense of identity, is another facet of the desire for continuity.

* * * *

At some point, everything in this pale blue dust ball world, leaves that same dusty taste.

* * * *

Death will not be much different than life, just without the mind-body identifications.

* * * *

The most immaculate version of truth, was perceived prior to conception, only vanity and vexation since.

* * * *

There is no living off one's laurels in the eternal abyss.

* * * *

Rest assured, that the most ambitious, the most devious, the most savage, will one day rule.

* * * *

Most are caught in the bittersweet web of mind; nature is not commonly sought by the civilized.

* * * *

Eternal life has nothing to do, with the many concepts, used to realize it.

* * * *

Does the ultimate reality require, the veiled dream of consciousness, to sustain its true nature? Nope.

* * * *

What makes sense often makes no sense, and what makes no sense is often, the greatest sense of all.

* * * *

Greater and greater, the detachment grows, as tie after tie is discerned, and knot after knot cut.

* * * *

If the space-time continuum existed, space and time might be passing.

* * * *

Those who have not discerned themselves, to be the way, the truth, the light, will inherit the earth.

* * * *

Eternal life has nothing to do, with the many concepts, used to realize it.

* * * *

Most are so blinded by the cave of shadows, that the light outside is branded impossible.

* * * *

How hypnotized we are, by all the distractions.

* * * *

Most are so blinded by the cave of shadows, that the light outside is branded impossible.

* * * *

Why should You accept any story, that cannot be scientifically verified?

* * * *

Unencumber your Self of all notions of time; discern your true home in the homeless nature.

* * * *

Prior to Abraham, Jesus, Buddha, Lao Tzu, Ashtravaka, and all the others, You are That I Am.

* * * *

Everything is the lie of illusion; how eternally alone, You truly are.

* * * *

Stay or depart, it matters not.

* * * *

Physical manifestation can never really resolve, the fundamental friction of its inherent duality.

* * * *

There must be a Self-absorbed bent for introspection, to wander down the pathless less traveled.

* * * *

To transcend imagination, give your Self over to good breathing.

* * * *

Pretty darned fascinating, how many masks and costumes, fit on a human skeleton.

* * * *

Beginnings end, endings begin – eternity is never bound, to any either-or.

* * * *

Go to the deep end of the puddle, let out your air and descend, into the bliss of oblivion.

* * * *

Your greatest wealth, is the discernment of true Self; all worldly plays of imagination pale in comparison.

* * * *

You cannot discern eternal life, with a mind caught in the endless measurement, of time-bound concepts.

* * * *

Look to no other for eternal salvation; it is for You and You alone to discern.

* * * *

And even if they do hear your words, You will never be sure what they got.

* * * *

Organized religion, as most, if not all, practice it, is the collusive blasphemy of ignorance.

* * * *

Take the personal out of the equation.

* * * *

Divine the source of beingness, and You will fathom all diversity, imagined in this divine orchestration.

* * * *

You are existent and non-existent, within the play of consciousness, and that prior to all dreams.

* * * *

The greatness to which the small-minded aspire, is no greater than a speck of dust upon a gnat's wing.

* * * *

We are on a bull, and the roiling jaunt will not end, until the bull is done.

* * * *

If you are very lucky, You will never find out, how harsh life can truly be.

* * * *

Despite the superficial harshness of these words, there is a great deal of heartfelt intent to all this.

* * * *

Never hesitate to reset as needed.

* * * *

Have You noticed no one label, seems to describe You completely, that all seem to fit, as right as rain.

* * * *

Whatever You may believe it is, it is not, has never been, and will never be.

* * * *

You need not trouble yourself over the world; it will be here long after your shadow disappears.

* * * *

What You do, how You do it, matters much, much more, than your beliefs about it.

* * * *

The words of politicians, no matter the scale of the arena, make a capricious wind look dependable.

* * * *

Fairness, like so many concepts, has an unfailing relativity about it.

* * * *

Those to whom we are ancestors will have no choice, but to endure the course we have set for them.

* * * *

Journeying within, You explore a cosmos, many have traveled, but none can truly chart.

* * * *

All You can really cling to, is the illusion that all this is real, and perhaps for some reason, important.

* * * *

Wisdom is the domain of fools who ponder their foolishness.

* * * *

The assertion You are important because of history, is ambitious mythology, born of deluded imagination.

* * * *

If You cannot meditate in the fury of hell, You do not understand real meditation.

* * * *

Every seeker fabricates their own little Way; there are paths until the pathless is discerned.

* * * *

The world is fortunate, not to know your true rage, at the injustice, the inequity in every realm.

* * * *

Heaven … You can make it happen right-here-right-now … if You discern it so.

* * * *

Hell is the gap between what You are, and what You vainly believe You are.

* * * *

Do not get too wrapped up in your own words; they change as soon as they are thought or spoken.

* * * *

Even in a space chock-full of noise, there is the silence within and without.

* * * *

You are the witness, the eternal awareness, impartial to every form that quantum creation imagines.

* * * *

Differentiate as much as You will, there are really no differences.

* * * *

On a diamond, all facets are equal; You are the nexus through which, your manifest facet is witnessed.

* * * *

To cling to the wheel of suffering, is the choice born of lack of resolve.

* * * *

Pierce all the veils that concepts weave, until You determine the oblivion, from whence all are born.

* * * *

Allow good breathing to transcend imagination.

* * * *

That psychic wall that bars You from this or that, is nothing more than the poof of imagination.

* * * *

If You are seeking comfort and safety, then truth is probably not your answer.

* * * *

Taken wrongly, thoughts such as these, can twist and turn down many, vain, arduous, painful paths.

* * * *

To compete with deities, is a pointless illusion, into which many angels, are rumored to have fallen.

* * * *

Yet another day of riding the wave of irony and paradox.

* * * *

What is there for You, as witness, to do, when the spontaneous moment, does it all for You?

* * * *

To remember You must first forget; to forget You must first remember.

* * * *

Don't feed the Beast.

* * * *

In those halcyon moments, when You are offstage, alone, do You take off that mask within?

* * * *

Find the balance, or You will be an insect for the rest of Eden’s manifest play.

* * * *

Every mythological explanation ever concocted, including any herein written, is but idle speculation.

* * * *

Do You occasionally punch the pause button, on that neuron recording playing your mind?

* * * *

Despite all attempts at structure, it is a spontaneous chaotic show.

* * * *

How impossible, to release, to slough, that identity, which You are not, never were, will never be.

* * * *

When You say, "I do this, or I am that", who exactly is, this "I", this center, You so firmly believe so real?

* * * *

The You referred to, is not the ego you, but the real You, prior to all exteriors.

* * * *

Even angels in the heavens, bound in the limitations of the on-high, are really, no better off than You.

* * * *

How will You change hell, but through guerrilla sorties, of those irregulars, heaven-bent?

* * * *

Many who seek to lead, likely should not be the ones, we are asked to choose.

* * * *

Your entire cosmos, wherever your senses wander, in any given moment, is your catheral.

* * * *

And no, neither God nor Jesus, is going to save us, either.

* * * *

Wisdom is wisdom is wisdom, it does not matter the geography, it does not matter the time.

* * * *

How You differentiate yourself from others, delineates your self-perpetuated limitations.

* * * *

Maya is the ghost in the space-time continuum.

* * * *

The deception of all mythos – past, present, future – is one it takes great courage and insight to transcend.

* * * *

The inner eye that opens to the cardinal truth, is something naught but one, will ever see.

* * * *

No one is without their trials.

* * * *

So many already have so much, and still they want more, more, more.

* * * *

If You play the karma game, intending to put off reunion, until some distant future, why play the game?

* * * *

Your imagination can be a lifelong prison, or the conduit to the unlimited potential.

* * * *

When You earnestly seek freedom, You will own what these words imply.

* * * *

Is there any groupthink, religious or otherwise, that does not lay claim to being lead torch holder?

* * * *

The suffering is caused by limitation, filled with unreconciled eternal longing.

* * * *

Some would say, there are no shortcuts; needs research.

* * * *

You are that, which all scriptures, can only attempt to describe; You must puzzle it out, best You can.

* * * *

A teacher may encourage You to look, but it is You, who must teach your Self.

* * * *

You reincarnate in every time-bound moment, that You re-identify with this sensory illusion.

* * * *

How many children must teach their parents, that weaning is a necessary aspect of parenting?

* * * *

In the flowering, is the point and purpose, that no mortal player can deny.

* * * *

Are You able to stare at a blank wall, with the same passion You would, your most ardent desire?

* * * *

Who calls who sane or insane? And what, pray tell, is normal?

* * * *

All You have ever imagined, amounts to less than even one breath.

* * * *

It is the doubt of a discerning mind, not gimmicks and parlor tricks, that brings about wisdom.

* * * *

Without the sun, the earth would not be, and without the pale blue dot, the sun would neither rise nor set.

* * * *

Nothing must be done, and nothing must be left undone, for consciousness to play out its destiny.

* * * *

You are the awareness, the awareness is You, You are everything, You are nothing.

* * * *

Put aside everything, You have been told or imagined, that clarity is You.

* * * *

To create heaven on earth, You must destroy your little self, without harming the vehicle.

* * * *

With screens across all realms, speculation is dead, for now.

* * * *

Birth is such a simple, predictable process; how many innovative ways we find to die.

* * * *

Until detachment sheaths its brutal honesty, introspection can be a terrible swift sword.

* * * *

Living is an array of habits, many unconscious, many chosen, many broken, as the moment allots.

* * * *

A mystical crossing, well-crossed many times, in many geographies.

* * * *

Why give so much thought to the hereafter, when You cannot create more than a hell-now?

* * * *

Earth is just another Petri dish.

* * * *

Without the insight, that You ultimately know nothing, Your quest for knowledge is meaningless.

* * * *

No mask, no costume, no figure, is not the same awareness, the same mystery, as You.

* * * *

You are the beginning, You are the end, of the all, that is this very right here, very right now, moment.

* * * *

The mind free of chatter – the no-mind, the eternal mind – is the only free mind.

* * * *

Just when You believe You have it, it slips away, perhaps even into whatever You thought it was not.

* * * *

Creation and destruction, are merely dualistic notions, of the mind born in time.

* * * *

Desire is the longing born of loneliness, or reunion with the sovereignty of aloneness.

* * * *

All the effort of the personal self, of the form bound in limitation, is the suffering of consciousness.

* * * *

The cosmos requires You as much as You do it.

* * * *

You already abide in eternal life; what more You want of it, is your own burden.

* * * *

The cynical pessimist, once a passionate idealist, is easily worn down by this three-dimensional theater.

* * * *

Who is real? Me? You? Them? Forgive me, I can no longer tell.

* * * *

But I digress.

* * * *

Mystery is a much more accurate label than God.

* * * *

Misuse of the mind, denies the quiet serenity, of living naturally, spontaneously.

* * * *

You may say many things regarding your personality, but that says nothing of the You, that You truly are.

* * * *

You will be in that body, for as long as You are, not a moment more, not a moment less.

* * * *

Once You know a mirage is a mirage, You cease giving it the same weight.

* * * *

Humanity's greatest impoverishment, is not discerning where its eternal wealth truly resides.

* * * *

You want answers; whoever asks the question is the answer.

* * * *

Grace is a quality of mind, of awareness, free of all division.

* * * *

You want to end the hellish enterprise, You have created in You mind? Then kill yourself within.

* * * *

The imagined center, is born of identification, with the sensorial context.

* * * *

Why have You done all this? For the sheer hell of it, obviously.

* * * *

Look beyond time and know You cannot be, other than that, from which all dreams are born.

* * * *

How can You have been born, when what You truly are, has no such need.

* * * *

You brought nothing with You, and will leave it all at the exit.

* * * *

Nothing to do, everything to do.

* * * *

How can You lose a soul, that was never yours in the first place.

* * * *

Evil is a bitterness that cannot touch anything, unless its dualistic seed is watered with imagination.

* * * *

Gold is gold no matter the dream.

* * * *

What becomes of humanity, is the same end all forms take; gold is gold, no matter the dream.

* * * *

It is the flame of desire You crave; the object of its caress is secondary.

* * * *

You cannot help anyone, who does not at least hobble along, on their own two feet.

* * * *

What seemed to make sense one moment, often makes none down the line.

* * * *

Ripples travel for great distances in every direction.

* * * *

The more You want, the more troubled You will be, and the more trouble You may well cause.

* * * *

The meaning of life, is whatever the moment draws out of You.

* * * *

Even in the most chaotic circumstances, that which is totality, resides in eternal poise.

* * * *

Jesus was not the first, nor was he the last, to discern, to fathom, the eternal birthright.

* * * *

There are fools, and there are fools, who know they are fools.

* * * *

Like small, roiling dust storms, the passion invoked by imagination, inevitably play themselves out.

* * * *

We shape our own fate, in the way we choicely choose, to shape the fates of others.

* * * *

It is all the same mystery; all differences are imagined.

* * * *

Freedom is the unattached unbound stillness, of the undifferentiating, unknowing awareness.

* * * *

Be gentle with the body; it so easily suffers in so many ways, for its many mortal flaws.

* * * *

Your ideas about it, have nothing to do with the reality of it.

* * * *

Pretending You know anything, is perhaps the most enticing delusion, this time bound theater offers.

* * * *

By what right, does anyone have anything to judge, regarding how any other lives their cosmos.

* * * *

Bet on the cockroaches; You will very likely not collect, but at least You will win.

* * * *

Hope is the coin of those sidelined by their fate.

* * * *

The immortality of any seed, resides in its essential nature, not its blueprint patterning.

* * * *

How challenging it is to surrender, the noise of consciousness, to its still origin.

* * * *

Most cling to life; the seer releases death.

* * * *

Those who see the potential, cry for the unnecessary suffering, we weave upon ourselves.

* * * *

All your emotional angst is imagined; You concoct illusion-delusion, and then believe it real.

* * * *

The five senses, are the readers of the human paradigm; the mind, the keeper.

* * * *

Home is – whoever, whatever, whenever, whyever, wherever, however – the wheel of now hits the road.

* * * *

You are, therefore, You are.

* * * *

What do You stand on, but the space-time continuum, playing as if gravity exists?

* * * *

You need not know every detail, to perceive the direction of the flow, or what decisions need to be made.

* * * *

Darwin rules.

* * * *

What do You stand on, but the space-time continuum, playing as if gravity exists?

* * * *

We each look for other masks, to mirror back, reflect back, whatever we choose to see.

* * * *

We take of the ground, without replenishing the soil, surviving at the expense of those to come.

* * * *

Grow, grow, grow, live and learn, die anyway.

* * * *

All this study of the mind, only to discover it imagined its self, and every sort of concoction.

* * * *

Even the enlightened whose minds stray, suffer for their imaginary transgression.

* * * *

Knowledge obscures innocence, but only for as long as one is attached, to its mind-born, time-bound path.

* * * *

Immortality is guaranteed; it just may not be in the figurine, You have imagined in the current mind.

* * * *

What a free-for-all, dead-end Yellow Brick Road, geeks have launched our poor little garden down.

* * * *

Clocks and watches are just mechanical sundials, and calendars, a count of days between solstices.

Breadcrumbs

It is unfathomable, how rich-man-on-a-dime a dreamtime, I have been blessed to be given.
So many experiences, so many adventures, so many opportunities, so many travels, so many baubles.
So many friends, so many acquaintances, so many contacts, so many strangers, so many foes.
And peasant roots, and decent family, and simple and austere upbringing, to boot.

* * * *

One of the differences between poets and aphorists,
Is that one can often be left unsure the poet's meaning,
Whereas a say-it-as-it-is aphorist leaves little or no doubt.

* * * *

This ministry resides in the happenstance of the daily wander.

* * * *

Always editing details, minutia, particulars, specifics, niceties,
No one else will likely ever even begin to notice,
Much less give a hooey about.

* * * *

Synapse collapse, it’s real.

* * * *

Flying Peter-Pan solo in this life has been far more interesting,
Than any woman, any domesticated existence,
Could have ever allowed.

* * * *

It did not take a diploma to pen all this, just an autodidactic nature.

* * * *

This getting old thing is getting older than I want to be.

* * * *

If you want to believe your vain, greedy existence, has some meaning, has some purpose,
If you want to believe you have free will, or that the human paradigm is some divine orchestration,
Believe me, that I do not at all care, and will not waste energy to convince you otherwise.
Believe me, that I do not consider you anything more than absurdly delusional,
And will be only too happy, if we ever happen to spend time again,
To never examine anything remotely or vaguely serious.
The futility would only invoke the absurdity.

* * * *

Another one-man band weaving down a pathless path.

* * * *

An anonymous keyboard in a corner table in a coffee shop is stage enough for this player.

* * * *

That, which in the prime of youth, You thought You knew so well,
Is in the many moments since, so challenging to more than vaguely recall.
So many names and faces and places, so many experiences,
Such an array of lifetimes, in just this one.

* * * *

Found it again.

* * * *

If I did not say something well, feel free to clarify.

* * * *

The Stonecutter, chipping away at the mountain.

* * * *

The faces along the pathless, grow more and more vague, as time wanders its little march to oblivion.

* * * *

That was fun.

* * * *

Please do not slather me or these writings with idolatrous absurdity.

* * * *

If past and future were to suddenly evaporate, where – would You, could You, should You – be?

* * * *

I am the playful piper, the flaming bush,
The enduring ferryman, the ascetic recluse,
A wandering madman, journeying the universe.
I am all things, all places, all spaces.
There is nothing that I am not,
And nothing that I am.
I am the irony, I am the paradox,
Unframed, unnamed, unclaimed, untamed.

* * * *

And what labels, will the ivory tower scholars, give this testament, if any?

* * * *

These are thoughts from one who has come far, through thick and thin, to share them with You.

Michael's Rabbit Hole

A Most Fortunate Man

It is unfathomable, how rich-man-on-a-dime a dreamtime, I have been blessed to be given.
So many experiences, so many adventures, so many opportunities, so many travels, so many baubles.
So many friends, so many acquaintances, so many contacts, so many strangers, so many foes.
And peasant roots, and decent family, and simple and austere upbringing, to boot.

With or Without the Mind-Body

Without the mind-body, where would You, where could You, be?
And with the mind-body, and whatever senses are given,
Who-what-when-where-why-how are You, really?

Discerning the Grace of Eden

Knowledge is the blinder that imagination has woven within consciousness.
Only the most subtle, effortless, awareness of the awareness, frees You.
To see without knowing, is the grace of Eden's reclamation within.

Witness to All Eternity

How could any Supreme Being stand watching this world, for all the time it will take,
To play out, act out, this heavy-on-the-steroids, epoch Shakespearian paradigm-dreamtime.
And all for naught but the merest slice, of all the billions of years it took, to build the set.
The billions of years it took to naturally select, naturally design, the ever-evolving cast.

The Human Paradigm in a Nutshell

The entire human paradigm, is nothing more than ever-streaming stories, born of imagination.
The you, You pretend You are, is nothing more than a narrative born of imagination.
Eternity is but the very right-here-right-now, indivisible, indelible moment,
In which no narrative can hold ground, but for imaginary assertion.

An Illusion From the Get-Go

The clock is not real, the calendar is not real,
Nor is your face, nor your body, nor your mind.
It has all been a quantum illusion from the get-go.
To awaken, is to see the moment for what it is.
To be free, is to surf eternity's dreamtime,
With a mindset inclined to stillness.

The Weavers of Mind

Sight.
Sound.
Feeling.
Smell.
Taste.

The weavers of mind.

And that is just in the human context.

In the Ultimate Context

See it or not, everything is equally the same quantum mystery.
All vanity, all greed, all desire and fear and dread, all passion plays,
Mean absolutely nothing – nil-nada-zippo-zilch – in the ultimate context.

To Resist, or Not to Resist

If You had head on the pillow, knowing You were never to awaken again,
Would You struggle to remain awake, or willingly give over to oblivion?

No Leaders, No Followers

There is nobody to lead, there is nobody to follow.
Do not make it about anyone, about anything,
But the ineffable mystery, You truly are.

The Hunting Mind

The taste trap.
The smell trap.
The vision trap.
The sound trap.
The feeling trap.
Mind, the hunter.

Vain, Greedy, Insatiable

Imagination is a vain, greedy, insatiable beast.
The startup instincts, magnified beyond all pales.

Ixnay on Duality

The absolute is without yes or no, good or bad, wet or dry, thick or thin,
Hot or cold, near or far, right or wrong, black or white, this or that.
It is without duality … in any way, in any size, in any shape.

The Final Solution

So much is imagined.
So much is arbitrary.
So much is subjective.
So much is random.
So much is uninformed.
So much is illogical.
So much is capricious.
So much is indiscriminate.
So much is haphazard.
So much is unpredictable.
So much is changeable.
So much is variable.
So much is impulsive.
So much is whimsical.
So much is unreliable.
So much is fickle.
So much is erratic.
So much is wayward.
So much is flighty.
So much is thoughtless.
So much is impetuous.
So much is muddled.
So much is imprudent.
So much is precipitous.
So much is rash.
So much is reckless.
So much is irresponsible.
So much is madcap.
So much is disordered.
So much is hasty.
So much is confused.
So much is messy.
So much is spontaneous.
So much is frenzied.
So much is unruly.
So much is tumultuous.
So much is chance.
So much is disorganized.
So much is anarchic.
So much is chaotic.

Oblivion, the only solution.

Awareness is ...

Without individuality.
Without character.
Without space.
Without time.
Without desire.
Without fear.
Without contrast.
Without dread.
Without concern.
Without division.
Without notion.
Without perception.
Without opinion.
Without instinct.
Without impulse.
Without faith.
Without principle.
Without urge.
Without creed.
Without certainty.
Without trust.
Without dogma.
Without assumption.
Without light
Without animation.
Without life.
Without death.
Without personality.
Without sound.
Without dark.
Without hope.
Without speculation.
Without despair.
Without ambition.
Without self.
Without identity.
Without potential.
Without plan.
Without belief.
Without concept.
Without anything.
Within everything.

Times Beyond Counting

Why would any God, why would any deities, any idols, ever need to further judge,
What most if not all monkey minds, have no-doubt done, times beyond counting.
And, no doubt, all the imagined hells and purgatories are chock-full of misery.

The Futility of Argument

Arguing over illusion is about
– as meaningless, as pointless, as irrational, as futile, as absurd –
As it can possibly get.

An Unfathomable Reality

What is called space, time, continuum,
Is but quantum dreamtime, quantum illusion.
The clay of stardust taking every form,
In the ineffable ether of eternity.

Notions That Blind

Duality, individuality.
Dualism, individualism.
Dualistic, individualistic.
Notions that blind the mind.

The Endgame Challenge

To discern it, to breath it, to kaleidoscope it – illusion – every streaming moment,
Is the challenge for all born to – see it, hear it, taste it, smell it, feel it – as one.

Re: Ethics in Warfare

Ethics in warfare is an absurd oxymoron.
It is a deadly game, that ultimately has very clear goals: domination and/or annihilation.
What matter, really, how it is done?

What Need for an Ultimate Answer?

Whether considered a religion or a cult, with an unassailable belief system,
Whether laced with scientific or mathematical or engineering certainty,
The real issue is why the monkey-mind is so bound and determined,
To concoct an ultimate answer to a mystery beyond all definition.
What need would the mystery, ever have, to define its enigma?

Yesterday, Today, Tomorrow

The moment, the mystery, is the same today,
As the moment, the mystery, was yesterday,
As the moment, the mystery, will be tomorrow.

The Reality of Future Past

Future and past are nothing more than projections of imagination.
The eternal omnipresent, the eternal moment, is untouched by either.

Think About It

How can we be sure Eve is to blame for picking the forbidden fruit way back when,
When there is not even one selfie or artificially-intelligenced video posted on Youtube?
How can anyone believe a folktale written who knows how many thousands of years later?

Poets v. Aphorists

One of the differences between poets and aphorists,
Is that one can often be left unsure the poet's meaning,
Whereas a say-it-as-it-is aphorist leaves little or no doubt.

The True Believer

Undiscerning
Sucker
Credulous
Mark
Unsuspecting
Victim
Fall guy
Thoughtless
Dupe
Uncritical
Naive
Unsophisticated
Gullible
Irrational
Green
Foolish
Unwise
Susceptible
Trusting
Accepting
Imprudent
Impressionable
Innocent

The Choiceless Choices of All Fates

All fates are the result, the outcome, the consequence,
Of all the choiceless choices, it took to reach the finish line.
How is it any minds truly believe they have any say in their fate?

Place Your Bet

What bet with your fated future, are You going to make, down that fork in your pathless path?

Symbiosis 101

The illusion requires imagination, and imagination, illusion.

Mindfulness Required

So much oxygen deprivation everywhere.
Imagination cannot breathe for anyone.

Freedom's Way

Only in the empty tablet of tabula rasa, are You free.
Attentive, sound, yogic breathing, a pretty-sure means.

One Unborn-Undying Truth

There is but one ultimate truth, one unborn-undying, one mystery,
And it holds steady, holds fast, holds true, in any and all dimensions.

Connecting the Dots

The quantum mind is adept at connecting dots; often into great horrors, great absurdities.

Casting Forth Into the Omnipresence

All the desire, all the fear, all the dread, all the passion, are but projections of imagination,
Casting forth its space-time illusion-delusion, in the omnipresence of the eternal moment.

The Closest Thing to Immortality

Despite all vanity and greed and passion to the contrary,
Any given container is merely a means for the given helix of DNA,
To continue and continue and continue, on and on and on,
For as long as the nature-nurture of fate allows.

Assume Nothing

Never assume You are being watched.
Never assume You are not being watched.

Questions of a Quantum Dream

Questions of a quantum dream, what do, with what You see.
Questions of a quantum dream, what do, with what You hear.
Questions of a quantum dream, what do, with what You smell.
Questions of a quantum dream, what do, with what You taste.
Questions of a quantum dream, what do, with what You feel.
Questions of a quantum dream, what do, with what You think.

The Futility of the Game of Thrones

A worldwide game of thrones, spewing every imaginable this-way-and-that.
What point, all the vanities, all the greed, all the horrors, all the seven deadlies?

All Nothing More Than Quantum Illusion

The mind's scrutiny, perceives a world, perceives a cosmos,
Creates a narrative, and spins it over and over, in the given reverie.
And You, naught but an imaginary thespian, imagining it all real, it all true.
Playing impromptu with whatever nature-nurture, whatever cards, have been dealt.
And the essential, cardinal truth, when all is said, when all is done,
Is that it is all nothing more than quantum illusion.

Of Eternity in the Day-to-Day Moment

Is it possible to make the oblivion of eternity,
The default setting, in this theater of conscious design?
To see everything eternally.
To hear everything eternally.
To smell everything eternally.
To taste everything eternally.
To feel everything eternally.
To think everything eternally.

The Grand Indivisibility

All creation requires some level of destruction,
And all destruction renders some form of creation.
All ever-changing, ever-morphing, ever-kaleidoscoping,
Indivisibly, in the unfathomable quantum dreamtime of it all.

Wafting Through Eternity

What are You really, truly, actually, essentially, indivisibly,
But quantum, kaleidoscoping through the stillness, the mystery, of eternity.
Naught but spaceless, timeless, unborn, undying stardust,
Come unto the illusion of existence.

The Make-Believe of Perception

The path behind, the path ahead … ever pathless,
Through the oblivion of eternity's spaceless-timeless-wayless.
No memory any younger, no memory any older, in any mind's reminiscence.
Recordings, impressions, notions, remnants – etched in the neural eyes of the quantum matrix.
Imaginary, arbitrary, subjective, whimsical, haphazard, capricious perceptions.
All make-believe … nothing more, nothing less, nothing but.

Neither Yours nor Mine

Of this vast mystery, it can be over and over and over said,
It is neither your imagination, nor my imagination.
It is neither your ineffable, nor my ineffable.
It is neither your dream, nor my dream.
It is just a théâtre de l'illusion.
A théâtre de l'absurde.
Le théâtre de Toi.

Imagination's Endless Poof

What any other thinks of You,
What You think of yourself,
What You think of your dreamtime,
Is nothing more than the poof of imagination.

An Invention of Yesterday

What is the insatiable mind, ensnared in its matrix of space and time,
The insatiable mind, an invention of yesterday, every future past moment doing,
But desiring-fearing-dreading, the story, the narrative, the chronicle, the frame of reference,
Imagination every moment envisions, every moment projects, every moment usurps,
As a steadfast, resolute reality, that it has never been, that it will never be.

Everything Ever the Same

It is the same eternity it has ever been.
It is the same moment it has ever been.
It is the same omnipresence it has ever been.
It is the same nonduality it has ever been.
It is the same nowness it has ever been.
It is the same isness it has ever been.
It is the same timeless it has ever been.
It is the same spaceless it has ever been.
It is the same instant it has ever been.
It is the same immeasurable it has ever been.
It is the same magical it has ever been.
It is the same oblivion it has ever been.
It is the same omniscience it has ever been.
It is the same nameless it has ever been.
It is the same enigma it has ever been.
It is the same anonymity it has ever been.
It is the same unborn it has ever been.
It is the same undying it has ever been.
It is the same indivisible it has ever been.
It is the same unfathomable it has ever been.
It is the same indelible it has ever been.
It is the same ineffable it has ever been.
It is the same kaleidoscoping it has ever been.
It is the same matrix it has ever been.
It is the same awareness it has ever been.
It is the same quantum it has ever been.
It is the same inexplicable it has ever been.
It is the same infinity it has ever been.
It is the same infinitesimal it has ever been.
It is the same interminable it has ever been.
It is the same formless it has ever been.
It is the same abyss it has ever been.
It is the same ephemerality it has ever been.
It is the same unknown it has ever been.
It is the same stillness it has ever been.
It is the same omnipotence it has ever been.
It is the same absolute it has ever been.
It is the same singularity it has ever been.
It is the same aloneness it has ever been.
It is the same dreamtime it has ever been.
It is the same truth it has ever been.
It is the same mystery it has ever been.

The Worldly Mind v. the Eternal Mind

The insatiable mind every moment consumes through the lens of its frame of reference.
What does it take, to change the default setting, from the worldly mind, to the eternal one?
Only by stilling, the desires, the fears, the dreads, is it possible to be the moment, You truly are.

The Creation of a Mind and Five Senses

Observe closely the ever-changing quantum matrix,
Every moment kaleidoscoping before your five measly senses.
Yes, even that rock is morphing as surely as You are.

An Every-Moment Creation

Your world, your cosmos, is created every time You see it.
Your world, your cosmos, is created every time You hear it.
Your world, your cosmos, is created every time You taste it.
Your world, your cosmos, is created every time You smell it.
Your world, your cosmos, is created every time You touch it.
Your world, your cosmos, is created every time You think it.

Neither Access nor Control

Imagination has no access to, nor control of, the one and only answer.

The Renown of the Pathetic

How many lives of the rich and famous and powerful have You seen,
That do not in their endless theatrics, boil down to something unenviably pathetic?
That we laud them with such fanfare and renown, says far more about us than it ever will them.

The ‘Real Enough’ of the Eternal Moment

How long can the busy-busy mind,
Endure the stillness, for which it imagines it longs?
Illusion that dreamtime ever is, it every moment, seems real enough.

Once Upon a Timeless

Quit imagining You truly-really know anything,
And get back to that tabula rasa newborn,
You once upon a timeless were.

A Long Timeless

A minute is sixty seconds.
An hour is sixty minutes.
A day is twenty-four hours.
A week is seven days.
A month is four-ish weeks.
A year is twelve months.
A decade is ten years.
A century is ten decades.
A millennium is ten centuries.
A million years is one thousand millenniums.
A billion years is one thousand millions.

The moment is a long timeless.

The Stardust in You

The quantum matrix, in which all creation is made manifest,
Is ever the same, can never become more, can never become less.
The same atoms that were once stars and dinosaurs, are in You, as well.

Unto the Last Wheezing Breath

Why do so many take it to some bitter end?
Endure so much agony, so much suffering, so much sorrow,
But because they have not sated the hunger for the dream to which they cling.
Wring their meager, wretched existence, to the last possible drop.
Milk one more tomorrow into one more yesterday.
Unto the last, final, wheezing breath.
And for what, really?

Attaining Eternal Salvation

To let one's guard down,
To be open, to be vulnerable,
Is the reality of the ageless moment.
The reality, the spontaneity of eternal life.
The return to the origin of all creation.
Eternal salvation in every moment.
The kingdom of heaven on earth.

Ever the Same

The moment, the mystery, is the same today,
As the moment, the mystery, was yesterday,
As the moment, the mystery, will be tomorrow.

As if space and time existed, as more than a figment of imagination.

The Soul in All

If there is that which is called a soul, that divinity which is given countless names, it is
– Equally, indisputably, undeniably, irrevocably, indivisibly, indelibly, unfathomably, ineffably –
The eternal awareness, the eternal absoluteness, the eternal eternity, in all things infinitesimal to infinite.

A No-Regret Existence

Socrates, as scribed by Plato, is rumored to have said:
"Marriage or celibacy, let a man take whichever course, he will be sure to regret it."
And what of the non-marriage-non-celibate, no-regret choices,
These modern moments have allowed?

Measuring Illusion

Measuring illusion in every imaginable ways and means,
Has drawn the paradigm down its long and winding Yellow Brick Road,
Since long before the first etchings of so-called civilization.

A Nonsensical Belief

To believe any deity is out there judging anyone or anything,
Is the most nonsensical thing imagination has ever concocted.

An All-Inclusive Mystery

Every life form plays out a unique, matchless destiny,
And all are but kaleidoscoping swirlings of the same mystery.
What need for any dogma, when awareness is the one and only way.

The Reality of Ethical Choices

How often does the wage-slave-salary-slave paycheck, find a way to
– Set aside, put off, shelve, reject, dismiss, suspend, postpone, stall, rearrange, delay –
The charade, the pretense, the invention, the sham, the make-believe, the absurdity, of ethical choices.
Ultimately, little more than the luxury, the harvest, of a full belly and a safe harbor.

The Storytellers of History

History has always been spoken and written and sung and painted and sculpted by storytellers.
Those talented enough, to set forth their perceptions, in whatever medium calls them.
All projecting their frames of reference, into every imaginary manifestation.
No guarantees, no warranties, as to how well, or how accurately.

How Can You Not Doubt Everything?

How can You not doubt, what You cannot see for your Self?
How can You not doubt, what You cannot hear for your Self?
How can You not doubt, what You cannot taste for your Self?
How can You not doubt, what You cannot smell for your Self?
How can You not doubt, what You cannot touch for your Self?
How can You not doubt, what You cannot think for your Self?

The Default Setting

Make your Self,
Make your ultimate,
Make your awareness,
Make your right here,
Make your right now,
Make your moment,
Make your eternity,
The default setting.

The Equality of All

How can You not discern that your biology,
Is in no way, greater or lesser,
Than any other creature in this dreamtime?
All are equally manifest of the same unborn-undying mystery.

The Eternal Treasure of Aloneness

How is it, the aloneness, the solitude, the sovereignty, the absoluteness,
That is universally, infinitely, infinitesimally, inherent in all,
Is not heralded as the eternal treasure that it is?

The Truth of All Measurement

Every measurement that mind can imagine,
Means diddly-squat to the quantum matrix,
Or the awareness through which it reckons.

The Great Diddly-Squat

Every measurement that mind can imagine,
Means diddly-squat to the quantum matrix,
Or the awareness through which it reckons.

A Notional Existence

This moment, this right here, this right now,
Is the only point that you can say You are alive.
The future past imaginary you, conditioned by time,
Has never come close, despite all narcissistic assertions.

The Truth of All Destinies

How is it any mind truly believes it has any say in its fate?
The dreamtime is for all to play out as their nature-nurture deigns.
To declare any choice, in any of it, is an exceedingly dubious assumption.

Averting the Road to Extinction

Even if our kind could somehow change, could somehow tweak, its modus operandi,
Into what shoulda-coulda-woulda, shoulda-coulda-woulda, it possibly be,
That would set it upon a sane course, upon a rational tack,
That would waylay its race to extinction.

Of the Glaringly Obvious

How can the ultimate truth that the moment is, be so glaringly obvious,
And yet, so many, so irrationally, so mindlessly, so absurdly, blind to it?

See It or Not

Aware of it or not, the moment is omnipresent, omniscient, omnipotent.
Ever the same indivisible, indelible, unfathomable awareness.
Ever the same unborn, undying, changeless eternity.
Ever the same You, that has ever been.

The Eternal Life of Eternity

Let it all go, and there You are.
Pure, immaculate, flawless, faultless, pristine, impeccable, perfect awareness.
Tabula rasa, the eternal life of eternity.

From the First Etchings

From its first etchings in the jungles of long ago,
Imagination has carved a fate, a destiny, an upshot, a consequence,
From which it cannot in any way deviate, in which all choice is but illusion's delusion.

Irony! Paradox!

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Like Clouds Through Ether

By whatever sound, whatever vibration, it is labeled
– Consciousness, thought, knowledge, idea, concept, memory –
All things of mind are naught but temporal fabrications of imagination.
Only the indelible awareness of the moment is, and is not, real.
And imagination, but clouds wafting through its ether.

The Sculptor and the Sculpture

How can the sculptor and the sculpture, not be one in the same?

Of Gain and Loss

Life is full of gain, life is full of loss.
Transcending both requires a fair amount of detachment.
An artful dance, to which a great deal of attention is required, to navigate it well.
A long and winding kaleidoscoping, which birth begins, and death ends.
Ultimately, is existence any more than a zero-sum dreamtime?

Redesigning Intelligent Design

How did some supreme being generate this universe and our garden orb?
In one eight-day madcap rush, or a pain-staking process, requiring billions of years,
Of natural selection, mutation, nature-nurture … all random, haphazard, unplanned, arbitrary,
Chaotic, disorganized, casual, muddled, disorderly, slapdash, accidental, in every which-way imaginable.
What is any creation but a process, a painter with a blank canvas, a sculptor with a just-quarried rock.
Deliberate design, or chaotic design, which is truly more likely, which is truly more intelligent?
Surely, however this mystery came to be, it is present in every thread of its vast weaving.
A quantum matrix of creation and preservation and destruction, every bit of it, You.
A mystery, kaleidoscoping through the immensity of your eternal awareness.

An Unfathomable Dreamtime

What is this quantum cosmos, this quantum world, this quantum mind-body,
But an unfathomable, three-dimensional, kaleidoscoping dream of space and time,
Created and maintained and inspired, by however many senses,
Any given merry-go-round is bequeathed.

The Darwin 101 of Adaptation

The ability to adapt, to whatever challenges might arise, is a paramount skill,
For all intending to endure, to survive, to perhaps even thrive,
Any given moment in this mystery dreamtime.
There is no shortage of misery, of pain and suffering,
For those unable, unwilling to change, as the moment calls.

The Grand Monopoly Game

In the grand Monopoly Game of this dreamtime,
Eventually only the zealous and astute are going round and round,
And all the rest are either loyal minions, or living on the streets, begging for change,
Around and about the red hotels and green houses dotting the board.

From Frank Herbert's 'Dune'
Bene Gesserit: The Litany Against Fear

I must not fear.
Fear is the mind-killer.
Fear is the little-death that brings total obliteration.
I will face my fear.
I will permit it to pass over me and through me.
And when it has gone past, I will turn the inner eye to see its path.
Where the fear has gone there will be nothing.
Only I will remain.

A Fate Long-Ago Determined

Whatever it is, You are 'supposed' to be doing,
You are already doing this right here, this right now.
Your destiny is unwrapping exactly as was determined,
In that long-before-time roll of the quantum dice.
Call it Genesis, call it Big Bang, same upshot.

The Discernment Required

All living things, small to great, already inherently have eternal life.
Surrendering to the eternal moment, to the eternal now, is all any need do.
For the spaceless-timeless, for the unborn-undying, to reign absolute,
Requires a focused discernment, prior to any and all description.

The True Nature of Reincarnation

Every moment that You imagine yourself to be tangible,
Imagine your entire existence, your entire array of perceptions, an actuality,
You – reincarnate, rejuvenate, restore, revitalize, re-embody, reawaken – an imaginary persona,
Within the gray matter, within the neuron matrix, within that cranium.

Religion (a.k.a., Idolatry)

What so many of our species have called religion throughout its migratory walkabout,
Has really been nothing more than obsessive idolatry, fanatical adulation,
Rehashed in every make and model, every cultish derivative,
That imagination can conceivably fabricate.

Discerning the Perfection

It is in the unborn-undying, indivisible moment,
In the right here, right now of awareness,
That You discern your perfection.

To Be Remembered

To be remembered by anyone,
Requires some level of notoriety,
In whatever way the perceiver deigns.

The Last Vanity

The last vanity in this grand illusion,
Will be right before the last awakening.
Which means, of course, pretty much never.

The Moment's Impenetrability

All those sounds You use to describe, to illustrate, to label,
Your imaginary self, your imaginary world, your imaginary cosmos,
Cannot, even for a moment – penetrate, infiltrate, breach – the eternal moment.

If We Should Meet Again

If you want to believe your vain, greedy existence, has some meaning, has some purpose,
If you want to believe you have free will, or that the human paradigm is some divine orchestration,
Believe me, that I do not at all care, and will not waste energy to convince you otherwise.
Believe me, that I do not consider you anything more than absurdly delusional,
And will be only too happy, if we ever happen to spend time again,
To never examine anything remotely or vaguely serious.
The futility would only invoke the absurdity.

The Domain of the Liberated Mind

Truth is not light.
Truth is not dark.
Truth is not sound.
Truth is not a concept.
Truth is not a belief system.
Truth is not tainted by dogma.
Truth is not attached to vain idols.
Truth is not possessed by any religion.
Truth is not constrained by space and time.
Truth is not compelled by any quantum creation.
Truth is within each and every unborn-undying moment.
Unfettered by any and all imaginary perceptions.
Discerned only by the dispassionate minds,
Given over to the serene awareness.
Given over to the beingness.
Given over to the here.
Given over to the now.
Given over to eternal life.
The all in one, the one in all.

The Components of Groupthink

Innocence, ignorance, delusion, absurdity – major components of most any groupthink.
No point getting all bent out of shape, debating with a species sprinting toward oblivion.
Like wresting with a pig in a mudhole – the pig is right at home, grunting away in ecstasy.

Be What You Are

You are the cosmos, the cosmos is You.
You are the indivisible, the indivisible is You.
You are the ineffable, the ineffable is You.
You are the immaculate, the immaculate is You.
You are the unfathomable, the unfathomable is You.
You are the indelible, the indelible is You.
You are the unknowable, the unknowable is You.
You are the intangible, the intangible is You.
You are the flawless, the flawless is You.
You are the emptiness, the emptiness is You.
You are the blameless, the blameless is You.
You are the unborn, the unborn is You.
You are the undying, the undying is You.
You are the inexpressible, the inexpressible is You.
You are the indefinable, the indefinable is You.
You are the spaceless, the spaceless is You.
You are the timeless, the timeless is You.
You are the indiscernible, the indiscernible is You.
You are the unutterable, the unutterable is You.
You are the absolute, the absolute is You.
You are the matchless, the matchless is You.
You are the unimaginable, the unimaginable is You.
You are the infinite, the infinite is You.
You are the infinitesimal, the infinitesimal is You.
You are the nothingness, the nothingness is You.
You are the ageless, the ageless is You.
You are the everlasting, the everlasting is You.
You are the aloneness, the aloneness is You.
You are the indefinable, the indefinable is You.
You are the perpetual, the perpetual is You.
You are the nameless, the nameless is You.
You are the impenetrable, the impenetrable is You.
You are the enigmatic, the enigmatic is You.
You are the imperceptible, the imperceptible is You.
You are the oblivion, the oblivion is You.
You are the inscrutable, the inscrutable is You.
You are the indecipherable, the indecipherable is You.
You are the impeccable, the impeccable is You.
You are the unreadable, the unreadable is You.
You are the detached, the detached is You.
You are the unrivaled, the unrivaled is You.
You are the mystery, the mystery is You.

Brahman Without Qualities

‘Brahman without qualities' is all that is left,
For minds that have deeply delved into this dreamtime illusion.
Anything that promotes duality in this quantum matrix, is delusional – best ignored.
Writings such as these will only rarely be pondered, but their spontaneous creation passes the moment,
Of those whose red-pill destinies, have called them to pass the pipe.

Imagination’s Bent for Denial

All divisions, all boundaries, all demarcations, all discords,
Are born of imagination unwillingness, of imagination's inability,
To distinguish, to recognize, to fathom, to accept, to embrace,
The eternity, through which it seamlessly kaleidoscopes.
That all divisions mean squat to the mystery we are.

How You Are Here Now

Big Bang
Natural Selection
Adaptation
Mutation
Common Ancestor
Nature-Nurture
Genetic Drift
Imagination

The Awareness You Truly Are

This frame of reference – of memories, of perceptions, of insights – that You consider your life,
What is it, really, but a prison of imagination, to which the conditioned mind clings.
Aware of it or not, the imaginary you, is merely a temporal dreamtime,
Of the quantum matrix, kaleidoscoping through the awareness, You truly are.

Where True Believers Tread

What a thing to be such a deaf and blind true believer, as to give in to whatever the absurdity,
To such a degree, as to be willing to act out most every possible passion,
Without question, without doubt, without regret.

A Crunchy-Chewy-Gooey Bag

What is any monkey-mind, but a crunchy-chewy-gooey bag of nature-nurtured,
Habits, addictions, dependencies, problems, weaknesses, obsessions, and fixations.
Is this pedestrian, space and time continuum existence, really anything more,
Than the mystery of awareness involuntarily playing out whatever role,
The genetic lottery of the quantum matrix has cast centerstage.

The True Rebirth

It is the ineffable You that is reborn again and again, not the imaginary you.

The Choicelessness of Fate

How is it that any imaginary mind can truly believe that it has any say in its fate?

The Truth of Natural Selection

Every decision You make, every move You make, every breath You take,
Is a process of natural selection that has seamlessly played out,
Since however, whenever, this cosmos began.
Everything is an inseparable element of the eternal process.
Ever unknowable, ever indivisible, ever indelible, ever unborn, ever undying.
It is only consciousness, it is only imagination, that, in every way, slices and dices the quantum pie.

The Last Vanity

Is suicide really anything more than the eternal spirit,
Deciding it neither needs, nor wants, to imagine anything, anymore.
That it no longer needs nor wants to endure the vain, greedy, often tortured existence.
The spaceless-timeless dream, into which it was involuntarily cast,
By the Great Quantum's genetic lottery.

How Long is a Day?

How long was a day when God took six of them to genesis the cosmos?
Modern science puts it in the neighborhood of 13.8 billion years.
Divided by six would make a day about 2.3 billion years.
And the seventh to watch the human spawn make a mess of it.

So Many Ways to See It

Are You, you, observing the cosmos?
Are You, you, observing eternity?
Or are You eternity, observing You?
Or are You eternity, observing its Self?
Or all of the above, as the dreamtime calls.

An Unstoppable Process

Every existence is a kaleidoscoping birth-to-death process.
Unborn, undying, indelible, indivisible, all the while.
Resistance is futile, attachment is meaningless.
None can in any way change their destiny.
None can in any way slow their fate.
All denial, all yearning, all story-telling,
Are but the delusionary harbors of imagination.
Butterflies attached to being caterpillars would never fly.

Let There Be No Doubt

Do not doubt, the prior to consciousness, the prior to quantum, You truly are.
Call it mystery, call it awareness, call it now, call it God, call it what is, call it whatever.
The ocean of sound, saturated with concepts, does not matter, has never mattered, will never matter.
You are That I Am, there is no other, has never been another, will never be another.

The One and Only Witness

This mind-body is not what You are.
This pale blue dot is not what You are.
This entire universe is not what You are.
You are far too infinite, far too infinitesimal,
To be anything, but every quantum of it,
Every unborn-undying speck of it.
And not any of it, all the while,
For You are but awareness.
Witness to the mystery,
You, for all eternity, are,
Have ever been, will ever be.

Predators v. Prey

The predators long ago realized how simple it was,
To beguile and control and fleece the mindless sheeples.

The Eternal Life in Every Moment

You already have eternal life, You have always had it, You always will.
It is the distracting nature of imagination that deprives You from seeing it.
All that is required is to let go of everything, to die to the imaginary little self.
Just still that busy-busy mind, and You will discern quite clearly, the Self.
The pure awareness, that You truly are, have ever been, will ever be.

An Accelerating-Exponential Sprint

The illusional-delusional mind is in an accelerating-exponential sprint to extinction.
You are not required to embrace all the industries, all the technologies,
Driving all the other lemmings into the dystopian shoals.

Is There Existence After Death?

Is there some sort of existence after the mind-body falls away?
What point any claim, if You do not really know for your Self?

Not Too Many Volunteers

Many go on and on, about dying and going to heaven,
But not many are jumping up and down to meet their God.

A God-Eat-God Cosmos

The all-in-one-one-in-all of the ultimate reality,
Most definitely does not imply all-for-one-one-for-all,
In this very Darwinian world, this very God-eat-God cosmos.

The Curse of the Creative Mind

You may have merely done it,
Because You were bored out of your mind.
Creative minds require the sustenance of perpetual change.
A life crammed into the tedium of routine, can be akin to a death sentence.
Is it any wonder so many numb themselves sitting on barstools,
Or end it all, with rocks in the pocket, or a bullet?

Come That Judgment Moment

If You have spent your existence embracing absurdity, what makes you so sure,
You will be eligible for one that requires intelligence, rationality, lucidity, generosity?
Do You really believe some deity is going to look at your life, and tip the scales in your favor,
Without your having done the real work required (i.e., meditation, contemplation, miscellaneous other).

Who Came up With Those Assumptions?

Who was it, first came up with all the assumptions, all the suppositions,
That there is a meaning, that there is a purpose, to existence?
And that an ethical life, is for some reason virtuous?
All the absurdities imagination hath wrought,
Are like rivers carrying debris from mountain to sea.
The burdens of history, of belief, of tradition, are without end.

The Ether You Are

You are not the earth.
You are not the wind.
You are not the water.
You are not the fire.
You are not the quantum.
You are the ether of awareness,
Through which all things waft like clouds.

The Fruit of the Metaphorical Tree

How easy to think of space and time, as somehow being distinct, unconnected,
When their actuality is truly an indivisible quantum continuum,
Eternity, separate only in imaginary notion.
Barren fruit of the metaphorical Tree of Knowledge.
Only by realizing eternal awareness, can one return to the garden.

Ever the Same Eternal Moment

In the beginning, in the end, and everything between,
And everything before and after, as well,
All the streaming of moments,
Exactly the same as this one, right here, right now.

The Truth of All Destinies

Change your fate, your destiny, however You will,
That is only the direction it was headed, anyway.

To Thine Own Eye

To thine own eye, thine own mind, be true.

The Indivisibility of Eternity

All causes are effects, all effects are causes.
All creation is destruction, all destruction is creation.
All beginnings are endings, all endings are beginnings.
The indivisibility of eternity is without distinction.

A Supreme Beingness

Yes, Virginia, there is a supreme beingness,
And You are, in no way or shape or form, separate from it.
Which means, of course, that You are it, have ever been it, will ever be it.
No, not some old bearded guy, keeping naughty-nice lists,
Throwing down thunderbolts from on-high.

In the World, But Not of It

Outwardly, in this unfathomable, indivisible, quantum dreamtime,
You must generally feign being an identity, while wandering the given stage.
But inwardly, You can be as detached, as indifferent, as free, as your state of mind allows.
The challenge of this razor's edge, between the perceptible and the imperceptible,
Is transitioning back and forth between the limited and the boundless,
Because all the familiar, conditioned, habituated responses,
Are prone to wiping away all traces of liberation,
At the draw of an inattentive breath,
A blink of the eye eternal.

Just a Moment

How long is a second?
How long is a minute?
How long is an hour?
How long is a day?
How long is a week?
How long is a month?
How long is a year?
How long is a decade?
How long is a century?
How long is a millennium?
How long is a million years?
How long is a billion years?
How long is a trillion years?
How long is a gazillion years?

Surely, no longer than a moment.

Where You Always Are

You have got to be somewhere.
Pretty unlikely it will ever be anywhere,
But this very right here, right now.
This very indelible moment.

If You Were God

If You were God, what would You do?
How would You use your power, your dominion,
Your omniscience, your omnipotence, your omnipresence,
Over all life forms, small to great, in all the dimensions of your vastness.
How would You not just allow it all naturally-select itself, as it is.
Like dice rolling across the craps table, falling as they will.
And You, solitary witness to it all, for all eternity.

Projecting Reality

Who does not project their world, their cosmos,
Their beliefs, their values, their conditioning,
Their habituation, their frame of reference,
On everyone they meet, on everything they do.

The Nature of Desire

Physical desires are satisfiable.
But for discipline and principled restraint,
Psychological appetites are prone to running amok.

The Taste of Grace

In this ever-kaleidoscoping, spaceless, timeless, eternal moment,
You are that which is supreme, absolute, that which is God.
The dogmatic memory of which, is the fall from grace,
That got us metaphorically kicked out of the garden,
When imagination picked the fruit of knowledge,
That has led to the quagmire we have created.
Stop sucking and chewing on that all the time,
And You might restore at least a taste of the grace.

Forever Here and Gone

Now, right now, this very right now, no matter what might be going on,
Is all You have, all You have ever had, all You will ever have.
And it is here and gone, as swiftly as it happenstanced.
How quickly everything becomes its memory,
In the streaming, the kaleidoscoping, of imagination.

Changing Destinies

So many things You might have done differently.
But then, your destiny would not be the one,
You were dealt, way back in genesis.

The Great Dice Throw

In the great dice throw of Genesis,
However You believe it came to be,
It was inevitable that Mother Nature,
Would eventually roll out a cancer,
That had the capacity and wit,
To consume, to destroy,
Anything and everything.

One Mind to Rule Them All

Light requires an eye to be seen.
Sound requires an ear to be heard.
Flavor requires a tongue to be tasted.
Touch requires an epidermis to be felt.
Fragrance requires a nose to be smelled.
Thought requires a brain to be formulated.
And in a mind, a world, a cosmos, is created.

The Art of Timeless Living

You have been – conditioned, shaped, trained, seasoned, acclimatized,
Habituated, prepared, inured, hardened – genetically and socially,
To be concerned, what others may or may not think of You.
Up to now, this has often tortured You in many ways.
So, the question is, can You function agelessly,
Without the travail, such nature-nurtured thoughts bring?

The Sponges of Dreamtime

The infant, a sponge of its sensory feed,
Observes from the tabula rasa of eternal awareness,
As its given environment's ambiance, imprints upon its brain,
A subjective framework, to which it will subscribe,
For the remainder of its secular dreamtime.

Seriously?

You really believe your paltry little noggin,
Can comprehend, can wrap that wee head around,
All the potential possibilities, in this ineffable mystery?
That You have any say, what the source, can and cannot do?

Seriously?

The March of Illusion

Of course, there is one God, one upwelling, call it what You will,
And we, and all creatures small to great, are all equally of it.
All life is its eyes and ears, and whatever sensory readers,
It has created in the long and winding, one-step-at-a-time road,
Of evolution's natural selections, in its inexplicable march of illusion.

Naught but a Kaleidoscoping Vibration

All perceive a matchless, kaleidoscoping vibration, of the space-time continuum.
A personal frame of reference, a hodgepodge of recognized experiences.
No dreamtime is truly superior, truly greater, than any other,
Though, perhaps, some are more clearly perceived.

Truth is Not an Arbitrary Whim

A significant truth about consciousness, about imagination,
Is that what seems so clearly obvious to one mind,
May make absolutely no sense in another.
Which proves beyond all doubt,
That the ultimate truth,
Is not in any way subordinate,
To the whims of any frame of reference.

Of the Free Mind

How can any free mind,
Ever be subject,
To any label,
To any tag,
To any brand,
To any description,
To any categorization?

What It All Boils Down To

It all boils down to this singular moment.
The eternal awareness, in all its ethereal emptiness,
Witnessing the space-time continuum, kaleidoscoping through it.
The grand illusion of the quantum matrix, playing out in your imaginary mind.

The Written-in-the-Sands Destiny of All

The momentary eternal existence, that all lives, all dreamtimes, are,
Which none can ever truly hold onto as more than memory,
Is but a temporal bag of every variety of absurdity,
Founded on teeny-tiny bits-and-pieces of fabricated knowledge,
Gleaned haphazardly, from what seems in the moment, a spontaneous passing,
But has been, in fact, the written-in-the-sands destiny of all, since this cosmos was unleashed.

The Ultimate Picture

Whether it is a one-time existence, or a sequence of incarnations,
The ultimate picture always boils down to the ineffaceable truth,
That You are the source, that You are the mystery, in everything.

The Capriciousness of History

History is always spun anew,
By all the agendas of all the mindsets,
Wrestling to get their version stuck on the wall.

Both Blessing and Bane

History and tradition are the blessing and bane of the human paradigm.

The Lie of Original Sin

To believe You are the source of original sin,
Is the concoction of priesthoods, bent on control, to their own ends.
A false notion, for which You need feel, neither guilt nor shame nor remorse nor culpability.

The Immortality of the Genetic Lottery

You are the sum total, the aggregate, the entirety, the full monty,
Of your branch, your line, your strand, your thread, of humankind's DNA,
Playing out the naturally-selected, nature-nurture, of its kaleidoscoping dreamtimes,
Since life's genesis back in the quantum mystery of the earth's antiquity.
And if you have perchance passed on your genomic blueprint,
Your future progeny will experience their version,
In their little imaginary window of mind.
As close to immortality, as life can ever get.

The Aloneness of Dreamtime

You are what I think You are, and I am what You think I am.
We are all dreamers of the same quantum mystery,
All imagining imaginary dreamtimes,
In the mazes of our minds.
All, very much alone, together.

A Faceless Mystery

Maya will create every variety of mask,
Until You reckon with them all, each and every one,
As the one and only faceless mystery, indivisibly, eternally absolute.

The Downfall of Eden

The ancient minds of Gaia's garden,
Endured in the immediacy of the cycles of nature.
Civilization, the gathering of knowledge, the advent of technology,
Placed imaginary notion at the forefront, and thus magnified the fall from grace,
To a point, where effortless simplicity was lost and forgotten, replaced by bewildering complexity.
The stormy tides of which, the future past is already paying an uncharitable price.

What Freedom Is, and Is Not

Freedom is not something remembered.
It is a state of mind, given over to awareness, given over to the eternal moment.
A state unburdened by imaginary notion.

The Nature of Thinkers

Thinkers break apart the cosmos,
For the sake of knowledge and understanding,
But reality in the day-to-day mundane, sanctions no division,
For none truly exist as more than imaginary notion.

The Ineffable Unknown

It be You, and You be it.
No direction known.
For all eternity.

The Way of Ignorance

The many advocates, the many caricatures,
Of ignorance, of obliviousness, of witlessness,
Have no notion how aligned they are with eternity.

The You, You Believe You Are

The You, that You think You are, believe You are,
Is the passionate mind, the mind of consciousness, the mind of imagination,
Weaving its delusions into an ofttimes vexing reality.

The Nature of Any Culture

Cultures encourage their sheeples to feel lonely, confused, fearful,
So that they will fully participate, fully support, fully align, fully embrace,
The specified mindset, the specified groupthink, of its mythological underpinning.
How else would any tribe, any tradition, any custom, any institution,
Maintain its monopoly, its stranglehold, on the future?

Same Mystery, Same Moment

In the grand play of consciousness,
You are as young as the day You were born.
All time in the mind is the illusion born of five senses,
And the endless imaginary ruminations of a central processing unit,
Of a neuron matrix, set in motion by the mystery of eternity,
In a moment, not separate in any way, from this one.

The Observer is the Observed

Observe the universe.
Observe the world.
Observe the observer.
Observe the observer, observing.
How is the dreamtime of the indivisibility possible,
Without the pure awareness, You truly are,
Imagining it all real and true.

The Faith Most True

If You truly have the faith of knowing that which You are,
You will not need to pray, nor will You need to plead for forgiveness.
You will need not do anything, except live out this existence.
To surrender to your destiny, as You already do.

Of Circuses and Sideshows

Current events are never truly current, merely effects of causes and causes of effects.
Memory creates dreamtime history, and the freedom the moment allows,
Is ignored and pilloried by the masses, so easily hypnotized,
By imagination's near-infinite array of circuses and sideshows.

Of Concepts and Sounds

These many thoughts are a tangle of concepts, molded into sounds,
About an eternity, concepts molded into sounds, can never pierce.

Path? What Path?

Path? What path?
You mean that step, that moves on, that disappears,
As soon as it is taken?

All Up to You

It is up to You to figure out your world, your cosmos,
All alone, as best You can, using whatever means are available.
And will it matter to some supreme being?
Not in the least.

The Final Frontier

Death is merely the end of consciousness, the end of imagination.
It is the irrevocable forfeit, to that which this quantum illusion has all along been.
To the mystery of all mysteries, which the mind-body, can never touch, can never own, only reflect.

Awareness Is the Supreme Deity

Every life form has a twinkling, of awareness, of intelligence, that gets it through the given moment.
A twinkling that plays its little part, with all the other little parts, in this kaleidoscoping quantum matrix.
Intelligent design does not require the dualistic deity, so many dogmas would have You imagine.
Awareness is the supreme deity, and it is in everything that this ineffable mystery entails.

It Is Not for All

There must be a Self-absorbed inclination for introspection,
To meander alone down the pathless less traveled.
It requires a great deal of contemplation,
A great deal of meditation.
It is not for all.

Something for All

These thoughts wander back and forth,
Between personal and impersonal,
Between here now and oblivion.
Between dreamtime and eternity.
Something for everyone, and no one.

Eternity's Handiwork

Peaceful resolution to this pale blue dust ball's Darwinian condition,
May be well beyond reach of our kind, but its seed potential,
Will be same now, it has ever been, and will ever be.
It is the realization of the choiceless choices,
Born of the unborn-undying indivisible.
Duality's kaleidoscoping light show,
Played out in the mysterious stillness,
From which eternity's handiwork springs.

The Storytellers of Eternity

How many stories could be composed, by anyone, by everyone, at any point, in this dreamtime.
Is the human mind, is the human experience, is consciousness, is imagination,
Really anything more, than a long and winding narrative?

Wander Where You Please

Wander to the edge of the cosmos, and beyond that still.
What limits are there to a mind given over to awareness?

The Illusion It All Is

The ever-changing now is the illusion.
The illusion is the ever-changing now.
The five senses are the ways and means.
The processing brain, the mind, the witness.

The Nature of a Free Mind

A free mind, an independent mind,
Cannot be forced to submit to absurdity.
Pretend, maybe, feign, maybe, but forced, no.

Of Those Jealous Gods

Do You really believe your deity of choice,
Is as vain, as jealous, as petty, as shallow, as cruel,
As passionately, irrationally, foolishly attached, as You are?
How can anyone worship, idolize, bow and scrape, to such absurdity?

The Make-Believe You

What would it be like to never be bothered or concerned,
With another momentary thought of your imaginary little self again?
All You need do, is stop imagining, stop inventing, stop concocting, stop visualizing,
All You – playact, pretend, make-believe, fantasize, assume – You are.

Where None but You Can Go

In imagination, in the lightness and darkness of your mind,
You can play out any fantasy, angelic to demonic,
And the Thought Police will never know.

No Point Suffering For It

Every moment, You are gaining.
Every moment, You are losing.
There is nothing to hold on to.
What point, suffering for it?

How Alone You Truly Are

Everything is the design of illusion.
How eternally alone, You truly are.

Destiny is Now

Release the memories, release the projections, release the hopes,
Your destiny is whoever-whatever-whenever-wherever-whyever-however,
This very right-here-right-now eternal moment, is kaleidoscoping.

The Destiny of the Garden

All creatures, small to great, participate in this dreamtime play of awareness,
In whatever fashion the moment's natural selection and nature-nurture is taking them.
Our kind's shortsighted approach to all our fellow earthlings, has wreaked havoc upon the diversity.
We have sculpted our own fate, in the way we choicelessly chose,
To shape the destiny of the garden.

As Free as Free Can Be

The ending of desire washes away all fear, washes away all dread.
To want absolutely nothing from this dreamtime,
Is to be, as free as free can be.

The Air You Breathe

Breathe in You, breathe out You.

The Source of All and None

The mystery of the space-time continuum,
The mystery of the electromagnetic spectrum,
Has everything to offer, has nothing to offer.

Down the Rabbit Hole

Many if not most people, in this conflict-ridden world,
Would likely be more than content to have peaceful, simple lives.
A relatively small, but incorrigible handful, for many reasons, in many ways,
Seem set on making that, an ever more arduous – accelerating-exponential – proposition.

Eternity's Brass Ring

The mind unfettered by chatter – the no-mind, the eternal mind –
Is the only mind, that is one with the mystery of the space-time continuum,
One with the unborn-undying, right-here-right-now, unfathomably ineffable moment.
How You can ever be anything less, how You can ever be anything more,
Is for imagination, to ever and ever and ever, spin its wheels.

Scripted in the Sands of Time

What is personality, what is character,
But a conditioned frame of reference,
Born of the genetic and cultural blend,
Born of the nature-nurture circumstance.
How can anyone believe their fate,
Was not in-the-sands scripted,
Prior to all beginnings.

Ten Thousand Ways

At some point of realization in your awakening,
No one has any sway over your mind,
But those You allow entry.
You can never die,
But mind can ever be undone,
Again and again, well over ten thousand ways.

On Challenging the Status Quo

The pharisees tortured and killed Jesus once, and no doubt would again.
Rarely a good notion to challenge the powers that be – whatever their thing –
And not expect them to lash out, in whatever ways and means, they deem necessary.
And history has paid ever since, for the martyrdom, with which his vanity cursed the world.

An Eternal Game of Hide-and Seek

You will one day be washed back into the emptiness, into the absoluteness, of eternity,
As a spent wave – its pummeling might, discharged – is drawn back to the sea.
But the mystery ceaselessly sends, new waves upon its infinite shore,
Upon which the quantum matrix plays out its eternal dance,
Of hide-and-seek, in the space and time illusion.
The You that You truly are, is all of it,
And none of it, all the while.

History's Trail of Tears

To plot revenge upon progeny,
Of someone your grandfather hated,
To cling to the ceaseless niggling grudges,
Blood feuds, and venomous wars of our ancestors,
Is such limited fare in this dreamtime feast.
Will You ever see your truest nature,
And participate in this mystery,
Without imagination's rule?

Just Another Peeping Tom

And if there is some ho-ho-ho Santa Claus God on high,
Peering down, making his lists, and checking them twice,
What is he, really, but just another degenerate Peeping Tom.

Of Imagined Continuity

There is a tendency to think of eternity,
As something involving space and time as we discern it,
But any foreverness, is only another illusory trick of the time-bound mind,
Ever entangled in its own web of imagined continuity.

The World We Left Them

Those who somehow survive the accelerating-exponential of all our industry and technology,
May well look back at this epoch, and find it difficult, to not often shake their heads,
At our time's unutterable – disregard, neglect, indifference –for their time.
For many already shaking their heads, myriad dystopian visions,
Are certainly getting plenty of airtime in print and film.
The irony, the paradox, of amusing ourselves,
As opposed to changing ourselves.

The Vanity of Humanity

There is an all but infinite cosmos,
Simultaneously kaleidoscoping the moment.
And we, for all practical purpose, microbial castaways,
On one of its infinitesimally insignificant dust balls,
In an infinitesimally insignificant solar system.
In an infinitesimally insignificant galaxy.
Only vanity, playing ourselves more.

The Few, the Proudless

Many are called.
Few are chosen.
Fewer still, volunteer.
Even fewer swallow the red pill.

The Immortal Soul

Regarding death, how can any life form depart,
When what it truly is, has always been, will ever be.
There are no individual souls, only the indivisible Soul.
A mystery, none can more than find peace, in merely being.

The Eternally Damned

The eternally damned, are those who wander the heavens and purgatories, of space and time,
Through which they indivisibly, timelessly kaleidoscope, ever-present,
Beckoned on and on, by the myriad others,
Only too willing, only too able, to share their hellish fates.

All Very Much Equal

What do deities and angels and demons have, over or under You?
Absolutely, irrevocably, without any doubt, whatsoever, nothing.

An Airless Poof

That psychic barrier that bars You from this or that,
Is nothing more than the airless poof of imagination.

The One and Only Time Machine

Despite all science fiction to the contrary,
That crunchy-chewy-gooey cadaver,
From which You every twinkling gaze out,
Is the only time machine, You are ever going to ride.

That Same Ineffable Moment

That same ethereal You, that same awareness, that same mystery,
That same unborn-undying, very right-here-right-now, ineffable moment,
Is within and without everything crashing upon the farthest shores,
Of the infinite-infinitesimal, prior to and beyond imaginable.

So Long Ago

Back in the jungles and savannas, long before time,
Our ancestors, those to whom we are progeny …

Had no language.
Had no clothing.
Had no fire.
Had no tools.
Had no weapons.
Had no stories.
Had no songs.
Had no musical instruments.
Had no homes.
Had no kitchens.
Had no utensils.
Had no beds.
Had no chairs.
Had no tables.
Had no toilets.
Had no running water.
Had no domesticated plants.
Had no domesticated animals.
Had no communications.
Had no vehicles.
Had no stores.
Had no cosmetics.
Had no metals.
Had no electronics.
Had no plastics.
Had no explosives.
Had no deities,
Had no flags.

They sat there, amid their small roving band, each, very much alone.
Hunter-gatherers, wandering their turf, eating whatever the geography offered.
Doing whatever they had to do, doing whatever they could do, to survive the given day.
Until the first sparking of imagination, began its long and winding evolution,
To wherever You are reading this, in a world we take for granted.

A world founded by large brain size, reduced body hair, lungs and sweat glands,
Opposable thumbs, facial structure, language, abstract reasoning, problem-solving skills,
Theory of mind, self-awareness, moral reasoning, complex social structures,
Tool making and usage, bipedalism, and Darwinian savagery.

Of the Last Human Being

Inevitably, there will someday be just one remaining human being, totally alone.
The last of a genetic lineage, the last witness to imagination.
Where then, will all our history be?

Unleashed

How – senseless, pointless, futile – it all truly is.
Nothing more than vanity and greed.
Narcissism and hedonism.
Unleashed.

The Unreconciled

Hope is the outcome of idealism,
Unreconciled with reality,
Mired in delusion.

The Mystery Within All

What is enlightenment, what is liberation,
But discerning that there is only one grand mystery,
And its creator is creating simultaneously within all creation.

The Roots of Destiny

Your imaginary consciousness, will be drawn to the destiny,
That your desires, your fears, your dreads, your passions, will into dreamtime.
To what end, You as eternal witness, will have no say, whatsoever.

The Decline and Fall of Eden

However the proverbial apple was plucked and eaten - metaphorically, literally, whatever –
The monkey mind, in its perpetual quest for knowledge, imaginary as it ever is,
Has certainly stretched and tormented this finite pale blue dot,
To incomprehensible strains in every forum.
The Fates await our arrival.

How Full Need You Be?

Have You seen enough?
Have You heard enough?
Have You tasted enough?
Have You smelled enough?
Have You touched enough?
Have You pondered enough?
How glutted need You be?
And all, but imagination.

The Great Cloaking

… knowledge and wisdom cloaked awareness …
… cloaked the mind, cloaked the body …
… cloaked here, cloaked now …
… cloaked the moment …
… cloaked eternity …
… cloaked the eye of God …
… and imagination took the helm …

A Most Laughable Delusion

If You want to believe your vain little personality, is at all important to some deity,
You are like a fish flapping in the net, of the most laughable delusion ever imagined.

Sundry Mix ‘n Match

That Which Is God

Yet another attempt to communicate what the sound/word/concept ‘God’ herein means.
No, not some unshaven Saint Nick, leading an orchestration of harps in the cloudy on-high.
No, to every idol, every faith, every belief, every creed, every symbol, every charismatic leader.
Yes, to every quantum particle to the farthest reaches of the cosmos, and beyond, including, yes, You.
All that is seen, all that is unseen, is of the same indelible, indivisible, unfathomable mystery.
To envision it any less, is the same delusion repeated throughout the human paradigm.
And all that is required to perceive this non-dualistic truth, is an attentive mind.
A mind that has clearly realized, that eternity is this ever-present moment.
This timeless, unborn-undying, prior-to-consciousness awareness.
And no fiction born of imagination is required to access it.

The Blind Men and an Elephant
(A Hindoo Fable)

by John Godfrey Saxe

Blind Men and an Elephant
https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Blind_men_and_an_elephant

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The Blind Men and an Elephant (Slideshow)
http://theelephantandheblindmen.blogspot.com/

I.
It was six men of Indostan
To learning much inclined,
Who went to see the Elephant
(Though all of them were blind),
That each by observation
Might satisfy his mind.

II.
The First approached the Elephant,
And happening to fall
Against his broad and sturdy side,
At once began to bawl:
"God bless me! – but the Elephant
Is very like a wall!"

III.
The Second, feeling of the tusk,
Cried: "Ho! – what have we here
So very round and smooth and sharp?
To me 't is mighty clear
This wonder of an Elephant
Is very like a spear!"

IV.
The Third approached the animal,
And happening to take
The squirming trunk within his hands,
Thus boldly up and spake:
"I see," quoth he, "the Elephant
Is very like a snake!"

V.
The Fourth reached out his eager hand,
And felt about the knee.
"What most this wondrous beast is like
Is mighty plain," quoth he;
"'T is clear enough the Elephant
Is very like a tree!"

VI.
The Fifth, who chanced to touch the ear,
Said: "E'en the blindest man
Can tell what this resembles most;
Deny the fact who can,
This marvel of an Elephant
Is very like a fan!"

VII.
The Sixth no sooner had begun
About the beast to grope,
Than, seizing on the swinging tail
That fell within his scope,
"I see," quoth he, "the Elephant
Is very like a rope!"

VIII.
And so these men of Indostan
Disputed loud and long,
Each in his own opinion
Exceeding stiff and strong,
Though each was partly in the right,
And all were in the wrong!

Moral
So, oft in theologic wars
The disputants, I ween,
Rail on in utter ignorance
Of what each other mean,
And prate about an Elephant
Not one of them has seen!

The Scientific View of the Universe's Origin

The universe was created approximately 13.8 billion years ago. According to the Big Bang theory, this event marked the beginning of time, space, and matter, starting as an extremely hot, dense point that immediately began expanding.

Key Details Regarding the Age of the Universe

The Big Bang: The widely accepted model for the origin of the universe, occurring 13.7-13.8 billion years ago.

Expansion: Scientists, including Edwin Hubble, determined this age by measuring the expansion rate of the universe and tracking the movement of galaxies moving away from each other.

Evidence

The Cosmic Microwave Background (CMB) – residual radiation from the Big Bang – provides strong evidence for this timeline.

Observable Universe: The ~13.8 billion-year age specifically refers to the observable universe, while the total size or age of the entire cosmos is not fully known.

Breadcrumbs 2025

The Scientific View of Earth’s Origin

Earth was formed approximately 4.54 billion years ago (plus or minus 1%) through the gradual accretion of dust and gas within the early solar nebula. This scientific consensus is based on radiometric dating of the oldest rocks, lunar samples, and meteorites, which indicates the planet solidified roughly 100 million years after the solar system began forming.

Key Details Regarding Earth's Creation

Method of Formation: Earth coalesced from a cloud of dust and gas, transforming into a molten, "hellish" world (the Hadean eon) before cooling and forming a crust.

The Moon's Origin: A major impact with a Mars-sized object, often called Theia, occurred early on, flinging debris that formed the Moon.

Evidence Sources: The 4.54-billion-year figure is solidified by dating meteorites (like St. Severin) and ancient minerals such as zircons found on Earth, some of which are nearly 4.4 billion years old.

Early Environment: For the first few hundred million years, Earth was constantly bombarded by asteroids and experienced extreme volcanic activity.

Breadcrumbs 2025

The Scientific View of Life’s Origin

Life on Earth first appeared at least 3.5 to 3.8 billion years ago, with some evidence suggesting it emerged as early as 4.1 to 4.28 billion years ago, shortly after the planet formed. The earliest life forms were simple, single-celled microscopic organisms (microbes) that thrived in the oceans.

Key Details Regarding the Origin of Life

Earliest Evidence: The oldest confirmed fossils, known as stromatolites, are 3.5 billion years old, found in Western Australia.

Controversial Early Findings: Possible "remains of biotic life" were discovered in 4.1 billion-year-old rocks in Western Australia.

Hydrothermal Vents: Scientists often point to deep-sea hydrothermal vents as the likely, nutrient-rich origin point for these early microbial communities.

Conditions: The early Earth was a hot, volcanically active environment lacking oxygen, which suggests the first life forms were likely anaerobic and thrived on chemical energy.

Breadcrumbs 2025

The Scientific View of Homo Sapien Origin

Anatomically modern humans (Homo sapiens) first appeared approximately 300,000 to 350,000 years ago, according to fossil evidence found in Morocco. While early theories suggested a single, recent origin in East Africa, current evidence indicates they evolved throughout the African continent rather than from one specific spot.

Key Facts on Human Origins

Oldest Known Remains: The oldest known Homo sapiens fossils, discovered at Jebel Irhoud, Morocco, are dated to about 300,000 years ago.

Origin Location: Genetic and fossil evidence suggest a "pan-African" origin, where diverse populations across Africa evolved, rather than a single point of origin.

Evolutionary Context

Homo sapiens diverged from earlier hominin species (like H. heidelbergensis) and lived alongside other human relatives, such as Neanderthals and Denisovans.

Earlier Ancestors: The wider Homo genus is much older, with Homo habilis appearing over 2 million years ago.

Behavioral Modernity: While anatomically modern humans appeared ~300k years ago, behaviors classified as "modern" (such as complex tools, art, and trading) evolved over a long period following that timeframe.

Breadcrumbs 2025

The Scientific View of Anatomically Modern Humans

Anatomically modern humans (Homo sapiens) are prehistoric humans with skeletal features indistinguishable from people living today, characterized by a large cranial capacity (approx. 1300–1450 cm^3), high vertical forehead, and a distinct chin. Originating in Africa around 300,000 years ago, they evolved from earlier hominins, developing more efficient tools, complex behavior, and gracile bodies before spreading globally.

Physical Characteristics

Skull & Brain: Large, rounded braincase with a vertical forehead and reduced brow ridges.

Face & Jaw: Smaller teeth and jaws (orthognathic face) with a prominent chin.

Skeleton: Generally lighter, less robust skeletons compared to archaic humans, suggesting a reliance on technology rather than sheer strength.

Size: Similar body size to contemporary humans, with average male height around 1.8 m.
Origin and Evolution

Origin: Evolved in Africa, with the oldest fossil evidence found in Jebel Irhoud, Morocco (approx. 300,000 years ago) and others in Ethiopia (Omo Kibish and Herto).

Dispersal: While early, limited expansions occurred, a major migration out of Africa took place around 70,000–50,000 years ago.

Succession: They coexisted with other hominins like Neanderthals, ultimately replacing them and leaving modern populations with high genetic diversity.

Behavioral Traits

Tools: Advanced technology, including projectile weapons (bows/arrows), bone tools, and microliths.

Cognition: Evidence of symbolic thought, including art, jewelry, complex burials, and long-distance exchange networks.

Differences from Predecessors

Compared to Neanderthals: Homo sapiens possessed more slender skeletons, smaller brow ridges, a more pronounced chin, and significantly higher, less elongated braincases.

Behavioral Shift: Developed more specialized diets and, over time, shifted from hunting/gathering to agriculture.

Anatomically modern humans represent the culmination of a long, primarily African-driven evolutionary process that led to the only surviving hominin species, Homo sapiens.

Breadcrumbs 2025

The Scientific View of Homo Sapien Migration

Homo sapiens originated in Africa around 300,000 years ago, with major successful dispersals beginning roughly 60,000–90,000 years ago. Early humans moved into the Middle East, then rapidly spread along the southern Asian coast to Australia by 65,000 years ago, and into Europe by 40,000–50,000 years ago, finally reaching the Americas by 15,000–20,000 years ago.

Key Stages of Early Human Migration

Origins (c. 300,000+ years ago): Homo sapiens evolved in Africa, with initial movements within the continent.

Early "False Starts" (100,000+ years ago): Early groups migrated into the Levant and Asia, but these waves did not lead to permanent global population, or their lineages went extinct.

Major Out-of-Africa Wave (c. 60,000–90,000 years ago): Known as the "Southern Route" migration, a major expansion from East Africa through the Arabian Peninsula brought modern humans into the rest of the world.

Populating Asia and Australia (c. 65,000–50,000 years ago): Humans moved rapidly along the Indian Ocean coast, reaching Australia (then part of the continent Sahul) at least 65,000 years ago.

Settling Europe (c. 45,000–40,000 years ago): Modern humans expanded into Europe via the Danube corridor and the Mediterranean coast, coexisting and interbreeding with Neanderthals.

Reaching the Americas (c. 20,000–15,000 years ago): Humans migrated from Asia into North America via the Bering Land Bridge, eventually spreading to South America.

Drivers and Evidence

Climate Change: Waves of migration coincided with "green corridors" (periods of warm, wet weather) in the Sahara and Arabian Peninsula during the last ice age.

Resources & Technology: Depletion of food sources forced movement, while advancements in tools, clothing, and language allowed for adaptation to new environments.

Evidence: Studies combine fossil records, archaeological tools, and DNA (genetic markers) to track migration paths, including evidence of interbreeding with archaic populations like Neanderthals and

The Scientific View of the Rise of Civilizations

Homo sapiens emerged in Africa approximately 300,000 years ago, characterized by large brains and advanced cognitive abilities. Following a "cognitive revolution" around 70,000 years ago, humans developed complex language and symbolic thought, leading to rapid cultural evolution, migration, and the eventual rise of agriculture and civilization roughly 12,000 years ago.

Key Stages of Development

Origin (c. 300,000 years ago): Early Homo sapiens appeared in Africa, with evidence of advanced tool use, such as fossils found at Jebel Irhoud, Morocco.

Cognitive Revolution (c. 70,000–50,000 years ago): Marked by a rapid expansion of cognitive capacity, enabling complex language, trade, art, and music. This enabled sapiens to spread out of Africa and replace or interbreed with other human populations.

Cultural & Technical Evolution: Early humans utilized microlithic technology, created art (Sulawesi), and developed clothing and navigation tools.

The Agricultural Revolution (c. 12,000 years ago): Triggered by climate changes, humans shifted from nomadic hunting-gathering to settling in villages, domesticating plants and animals, and creating complex societies (e.g., in the Fertile Crescent).

Rise of Civilizations: This era saw the rise of agriculture, cities, writing, and organized governance, leading to a massive increase in population.

Breadcrumbs 2025

The Scientific View of the Rise of Imagination

Imagination likely began as a gradual evolutionary process in early hominins, with significant, explosive developments in creative thought emerging around 70,000–100,000 years ago (or even earlier) in Homo sapiens. It developed through increased brain complexity and neural connectivity, allowing early humans to decouple from immediate surroundings to simulate future scenarios, create symbolic art, and develop complex language.

When Imagination Started: A Timeline

~140 Million Years Ago (Mammalian Origins): Basic forms of imagination, such as REM-sleep dreaming, likely began with the evolution of mammals.

~2 Million Years Ago (Early Pleistocene): Early humans developed basic "offline" thinking, enabling them to construct a "layer of mind" between stimuli and actions.

500,000–100,000 Years Ago (Early Symbolism): Evidence of abstract engraving (500,000 years ago) and early tools/paintbrushes (100,000 years ago) suggests early cognitive shifts.

~70,000 Years Ago (Cognitive Revolution): A surge in specialized tools, musical instruments, and "prefrontal synthesis"—the conscious combination of mental representations—marks the rise of modern imagination.

How Imagination Evolved

Brain Evolution: Mutations lengthened brain development stages, increasing complexity, fostering a "theory of mind".

Niche Construction: As humans faced complex survival challenges, they developed a "feedback loop," where enhanced tools, social structures, and early language forced the brain to develop more complex, creative, and abstract thinking.

Symbolic Expression: The creation of art, such as the 39,000-year-old Sulawesi cave paintings, proves the brain was already capable of complex imaginative leaps (39,000 years ago, as cited in).

Social & Emotional Needs: Imagination evolved to communicate emotions, create shared narratives, and solve problems through "counterfactual thinking" (imagining alternatives).

Breadcrumbs 2025

What Does Artificial Intelligence Say About Religion?

AI generally views religion as a significant, diverse human phenomenon based on cultural, emotional, and social factors rather than empirical logic. While AI lacks personal belief, it can analyze religious texts, identify common themes, and evaluate claims based on historical and philosophical data. Some, like author Deepak Chopra, argue AI should enhance spirituality, while others find AI can uncover insights within sacred texts.

Analysis and Data-Driven Insights: AI models can analyze the world's major religions, looking for consistency, such as comparing the Bhagavad Gita and the Upanishads, revealing high levels of textual similarity. Some analyses have even attempted to evaluate the logical consistency of central claims within Christianity, Islam, Hinduism, and Buddhism, although this is subjective, data-trained, and not an absolute truth.

Lack of Personal Belief: AI does not hold personal, religious, or spiritual beliefs, nor does it have personal experience, acting instead on patterns in data.

Subjectivity of Faith: AI recognizes that religion is often not based on logic or evidence, meaning its analyses cannot "correct" or "override" faith-based beliefs.

Potential Biases: AI analysis of religion is susceptible to the biases present in its training data, meaning it might reflect specific, non-objective interpretations.

Human-AI Interaction: Some explore AI as a tool for new understandings of spirituality, with others noting that AI itself is becoming a focus of "faith" for some who see it as a potentially omnipresent tool for understanding.

Limitations of AI in Religion

AI is a tool for processing information, not an autonomous thinker or prophet.

The perspectives of AI are constrained by the data it is trained on and cannot make subjective evaluations of "truth" or "value".

Overall, AI serves as an analytical tool that can organize and interpret religious texts or doctrines but does not "understand" or "believe" in them.

Breadcrumbs 2025

Only Eighteen Thousand?

Below is the Google AI answer to the query: *A list of all the things human beings have worshipped throughout human history*

And from Wikipedia:

List of Religions and Spiritual Traditions
https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/List_of_religions_and_spiritual_traditions?wprov=sfla1

Throughout human history, anthropologists estimate that at least 18,000 different deities, animals, or objects have been worshipped. These can be categorized into several distinct types of entities and physical items.

Entities and Spirits

Supreme Deities: Many civilizations centered worship on a single or chief creator god, such as Yahweh (Abrahamic), Allah (Islam), Brahman (Hinduism), Zeus (Greek), or Amaterasu (Shinto).

Nature Spirits and Animism: Early humans often attributed divine intelligence to the natural world. This included spirits of mountains, rivers, trees, and valleys. Specific examples include Nymphs (nature spirits) and Naiads (water spirits) in Greek culture.

Ancestors and Deified Humans: Ancestor worship is common in many cultures, where the spirits of the dead are appeased or venerated. Historical figures have also been deified, such as Roman Emperors or the Pharaohs of Egypt.

Zoomorphic Deities: Many cultures worshipped gods with animal forms or features, such as the ancient Egyptian gods Anubis (jackal-headed) and Horus (falcon-headed).

Natural Phenomena and Celestial Bodies

The Sun and Moon: Solar deities like Ra (Egypt) or Inti (Inca) and lunar deities like Artemis (Greece) or Mama Quilla (Inca) were central to many ancient pantheons.

Elemental Forces: Humans have worshipped the personification of thunder (Thor, Perun), fire (Hephaestus), and water (Poseidon).

Abstract Concepts: Worship was often directed toward personified concepts like Love (Aphrodite), War (Ares, Mars), Wisdom (Athena), and Peace (Eirene).

Physical Objects and Artifacts

Sacred Stones and Landscapes: Notable examples include the Black Stone of Mecca in the Kaaba and meteorites or upright stones (menhirs).

Relics and Human Remains: Devotees have worshipped physical remains of holy figures, such as fragments of the True Cross, the Shroud of Turin, and the bones or "relics" of saints.

Votive Figurines: Prehistoric artifacts like Venus figurines (depicting female figures) are believed to have been related to fertility or goddess worship.

Statues and Icons: Physical representations of the divine, such as the Parthenon's statue of Athena or Hindu murtis, serve as focal points for worship where the deity is believed to reside.

Sacred Texts: In some traditions, the physical scriptures themselves are objects of veneration, such as the Torah scrolls in Judaism or the Guru Granth Sahib in Sikhism.

Breadcrumbs 2025

Truth is a Pathless Land

by Jiddu Krishnamurti

The Order of the Star in the East was founded in 1911 to proclaim the coming of the World Teacher. Krishnamurti was made Head of the Order. On August 3, 1929, the opening day of the annual Star Camp at Ommen, Holland, Krishnamurti dissolved the Order before 3000 members. Below is the full text of the talk he gave on that occasion.

Krishnamurti Online: Truth is a Pathless Land
http://www.jkrishnamurti.org/about-krishnamurti/dissolution-speech.php

Jiddu Krishnamurti
http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Jiddu_Krishnamurti

We are going to discuss this morning the dissolution of the Order of the Star. Many people will be delighted, and others will be rather sad. It is a question neither for rejoicing nor for sadness, because it is inevitable, as I am going to explain. You may remember the story of how the devil and a friend of his were walking down the street, when they saw ahead of them a man stoop down and pick up something from the ground, look at it, and put it away in his pocket. The friend said to the devil, “What did that man pick up?” “He picked up a piece of Truth,” said the devil. “That is a very bad business for you, then,” said his friend. “Oh, not at all,” the devil replied, “I am going to let him organize it."

I maintain that Truth is a pathless land, and you cannot approach it by any path whatsoever, by any religion, by any sect. That is my point of view, and I adhere to that absolutely and unconditionally. Truth, being limitless, unconditioned, unapproachable by any path whatsoever, cannot be organized; nor should any organization be formed to lead or to coerce people along any particular path. If you first understand that, then you will see how impossible it is to organize a belief. A belief is purely an individual matter, and you cannot and must not organize it. If you do, it becomes dead, crystallized; it becomes a creed, a sect, a religion, to be imposed on others. This is what everyone throughout the world is attempting to do. Truth is narrowed down and made a plaything for those who are weak, for those who are only momentarily discontented. Truth cannot be brought down, rather the individual must make the effort to ascend to it. You cannot bring the mountain-top to the valley. If you would attain to the mountain-top you must pass through the valley, climb the steeps, unafraid of the dangerous precipices.

So that is the first reason, from my point of view, why the Order of the Star should be dissolved. In spite of this, you will probably form other Orders, you will continue to belong to other organizations searching for Truth. I do not want to belong to any organization of a spiritual kind, please understand this. I would make use of an organization which would take me to London, for example; this is quite a different kind of organization, merely mechanical, like the post or the telegraph. I would use a motor car or a steamship to travel, these are only physical mechanisms which have nothing whatever to do with spirituality. Again, I maintain that no organization can lead man to spirituality.

If an organization be created for this purpose, it becomes a crutch, a weakness, a bondage, and must cripple the individual, and prevent him from growing, from establishing his uniqueness, which lies in the discovery for himself of that absolute, unconditioned Truth. So that is another reason why I have decided, as I happen to be the Head of the Order, to dissolve it. No one has persuaded me to this decision. This is no magnificent deed, because I do not want followers, and I mean this. The moment you follow someone you cease to follow Truth. I am not concerned whether you pay attention to what I say or not. I want to do a certain thing in the world and I am going to do it with unwavering concentration. I am concerning myself with only one essential thing: to set man free. I desire to free him from all cages, from all fears, and not to found religions, new sects, nor to establish new theories and new philosophies. Then you will naturally ask me why I go the world over, continually speaking. I will tell you for what reason I do this: not because I desire a following, not because I desire a special group of special disciples. (How men love to be different from their fellow-men, however ridiculous, absurd and trivial their distinctions may be! I do not want to encourage that absurdity.) I have no disciples, no apostles, either on earth or in the realm of spirituality. Nor is it the lure of money, nor the desire to live a comfortable life, which attracts me. If I wanted to lead a comfortable life I would not come to a Camp or live in a damp country! I am speaking frankly because I want this settled once and for all. I do not want these childish discussions year after year.

One newspaper reporter, who interviewed me, considered it a magnificent act to dissolve an organization in which there were thousands and thousands of members. To him it was a great act because, he said: “What will you do afterwards, how will you live? You will have no following, people will no longer listen to you.” If there are only five people who will listen, who will live, who have their faces turned towards eternity, it will be sufficient. Of what use is it to have thousands who do not understand, who are fully embalmed in prejudice, who do not want the new, but would rather translate the new to suit their own sterile, stagnant selves? If I speak strongly, please do not misunderstand me, it is not through lack of compassion. If you go to a surgeon for an operation, is it not kindness on his part to operate even if he cause you pain? So, in like manner, if I speak straightly, it is not through lack of real affection–on the contrary.

As I have said, I have only one purpose: to make man free, to urge him towards freedom, to help him to break away from all limitations, for that alone will give him eternal happiness, will give him the unconditioned realization of the self.

Because I am free, unconditioned, whole–not the part, not the relative, but the whole Truth that is eternal–I desire those, who seek to understand me to be free; not to follow me, not to make out of me a cage which will become a religion, a sect. Rather should they be free from all fears–from the fear of religion, from the fear of salvation, from the fear of spirituality, from the fear of love, from the fear of death, from the fear of life itself. As an artist paints a picture because he takes delight in that painting, because it is his self-expression, his glory, his well-being, so I do this and not because I want anything from anyone. You

are accustomed to authority, or to the atmosphere of authority, which you think will lead you to spirituality. You think and hope that another can, by his extraordinary powers--a miracle–transport you to this realm of eternal freedom which is Happiness. Your whole outlook on life is based on that authority.

You have listened to me for three years now, without any change taking place except in the few. Now analyze what I am saying, be critical, so that you may understand thoroughly, fundamentally. When you look for an authority to lead you to spirituality, you are bound automatically to build an organization around that authority. By the very creation of that organization, which, you think, will help this authority to lead you to spirituality, you are held in a cage.

If I talk frankly, please remember that I do so, not out of harshness, not out of cruelty, not out of the enthusiasm of my purpose, but because I want you to understand what I am saying. That is the reason why you are here, and it would be a waste of time if I did not explain clearly, decisively, my point of view. For eighteen years you have been preparing for this event, for the Coming of the World Teacher. For eighteen years you have organized, you have looked for someone who would give a new delight to your hearts and minds, who would transform your whole life, who would give you a new understanding; for someone who would raise you to a new plane of life, who would give you a new encouragement, who would set you free–and now look what is happening! Consider, reason with yourselves, and discover in what way that belief has made you different–not with the superficial difference of the wearing of a badge, which is trivial, absurd. In what manner has such a belief swept away all the unessential things of life? That is the only way to judge: in what way are you freer, greater, more dangerous to every Society which is based on the false and the unessential? In what way have the members of this organization of the Star become different? As I said, you have been preparing for eighteen years for me. I do not care if you believe that I am the World–Teacher or not. That is of very little importance. Since you belong to the organization of the Order of the Star, you have given your sympathy, your energy, acknowledging that Krishnamurti is the World–Teacher– partially or wholly: wholly for those who are really seeking, only partially for those who are satisfied with their own half-truths.

You have been preparing for eighteen years, and look how many difficulties there are in the way of your understanding, how many complications, how many trivial things. Your prejudices, your fears, your authorities, your churches new and old–all these, I maintain, are a barrier to understanding. I cannot make myself clearer than this. I do not want you to agree with me, I do not want you to follow me, I want you to understand what I am saying. This understanding is necessary because your belief has not transformed you but only complicated you, and because you are not willing to face things as they are. You want to have your own gods–new gods instead of the old, new religions instead of the old, new forms instead of the old–all equally valueless, all barriers, all limitations, all crutches. Instead of old spiritual distinctions you have new spiritual distinctions, instead of old worships you have new worships. You are all depending for your spirituality on someone else, for your happiness on someone else, for your enlightenment on someone else; and although you have been preparing for me for eighteen years, when I say all these things are unnecessary, when I say that you must put them all away and look within yourselves for the enlightenment, for the glory, for the purification, and for the incorruptibility of the self, not one of you is willing to do it. There may be a few, but very, very few. So why have an organization?

Why have false, hypocritical people following me, the embodiment of Truth? Please remember that I am not saying something harsh or unkind, but we have reached a situation when you must face things as they are. I said last year that I would not compromise. Very few listened to me then. This year I have made it absolutely clear. I do not know how many thousands throughout the world–members of the Order–have

been preparing for me for eighteen years, and yet now they are not willing to listen unconditionally, wholly, to what I say.

As I said before, my purpose is to make men unconditionally free, for I maintain that the only spirituality is the incorruptibility of the self which is eternal, is the harmony between reason and love. This is the absolute, unconditioned Truth which is Life itself. I want therefore to set man free, rejoicing as the bird in the clear sky, unburdened, independent, ecstatic in that freedom . And I, for whom you have been preparing for eighteen years, now say that you must be free of all these things, free from your complications, your entanglements. For this you need not have an organization based on spiritual belief. Why have an organization for five or ten people in the world who understand, who are struggling, who have put aside all trivial things? And for the weak people, there can be no organization to help them to find the Truth, because Truth is in everyone; it is not far, it is not near; it is eternally there.

Organizations cannot make you free. No man from outside can make you free; nor can organized worship, nor the immolation of yourselves for a cause, make you free; nor can forming yourselves into an organization, nor throwing yourselves into works, make you free. You use a typewriter to write letters, but you do not put it on an altar and worship it. But that is what you are doing when organizations become your chief concern.

"How many members are there in it?" That is the first question I am asked by all newspaper reporters. "How many followers have you? By their number we shall judge whether what you say is true or false." I do not know how many there are. I am not concerned with that. As I said, if there were even one man who had been set free, that were enough.

Again, you have the idea that only certain people hold the key to the Kingdom of Happiness. No one holds it. No one has the authority to hold that key. That key is your own self, and in the development and the purification and in the incorruptibility of that self alone is the Kingdom of Eternity.

So you will see how absurd is the whole structure that you have built, looking for external help, depending on others for your comfort, for your happiness, for your strength. These can only be found within yourselves.

You are accustomed to being told how far you have advanced, what is your spiritual status. How childish! Who but yourself can tell you if you are beautiful or ugly within? Who but yourself can tell you if you are incorruptible? You are not serious in these things.

But those who really desire to understand, who are looking to find that which is eternal, without beginning and without an end, will walk together with a greater intensity, will be a danger to everything that is unessential, to unrealities, to shadows. And they will concentrate, they will become the flame, because they understand. Such a body we must create, and that is my purpose. Because of that real understanding there will be true friendship. Because of that true friendship–which you do not seem to know–there will be real cooperation on the part of each one. And this not because of authority, not because of salvation, not because of immolation for a cause, but because you really understand, and hence are capable of living in the eternal. This is a greater thing than all pleasure, than all sacrifice.

So these are some of the reasons why, after careful consideration for two years, I have made this decision. It is not from a momentary impulse. I have not been persuaded to it by anyone. I am not persuaded in such things. For two years I have been thinking about this, slowly, carefully, patiently, and I have now decided

to disband the Order, as I happen to be its Head. You can form other organizations and expect someone else. With that I am not concerned, nor with creating new cages, new decorations for those cages. My only concern is to set men absolutely, unconditionally free.

This Is It

by Nathan Gill

This Is It. This is all there is – life appearing as an endless display of changing images, with no inherent purpose other than this appearance itself. There is simply life with no one living it.

For no reason at all life is at play with its own imagery, roving as attention, engaging in a mesmerizing game of hide and seek which arises as a sense of separation with an integral urge to wholeness. Life restlessly seeks, yearning for itself. The seeking is the restlessness. This play of worldly existence is imbued with life's haunted longing for itself, seeking but never finding within the imagery in which it seeks. What is sought all along is this in which the seeking is playing out.

In life's play as humanity, thought assumes an exaggerated importance as attention spins effortlessly into myriad longings and desires, epitomized by the idea of seeking fulfillment through enlightenment. Reading texts, asking questions, surfing the internet, going on retreat, gurus, teachers, non-teachers, practice, no practice – any or all of it is possible but none of it is necessary as in actuality nothing needs to be discovered, understood, let go of or transcended. Life already is, and recognition of itself in the form of enlightenment, liberation, nirvana, et cetera, is superfluous, merely another happening in the endless now of appearances in the play of life.

Nothing other than the configuration of life as it is now appearing is possible. All is happening exactly as it's 'meant' to. If separation and seeking are the case, then this is it. If recognition and resting are the case, then this is it. Whatever is now – however ordinary or extraordinary – is it.

Seen in clarity, life appears as a great play. You – Consciousness – play all the roles and it is part of the play that You usually play the roles without knowing Your real identity. But sometimes, as part of the show, there is recognition of Your true nature. When there is involvement as a character in the play without recognition of Your true nature the role is taken seriously and all the dramas of life seemingly appear from this. If a role is played where there is recognition of Your true nature, the play is seen for what it is. When Your true nature becomes obvious, the character doesn't disappear in a flash of light, nor put on ochre robes and have disciples, nor teach 'spiritual' truths – although any of these is possible, depending on the pattern of the character's role in the play. The character will likely appear as he or she did before recognition. The character is likely to continue to lead what is an ordinary life in the play. It is not even necessary for the character to tell anyone or communicate what is now obvious. The whole play has no purpose or point beyond present appearance. It is Your cosmic entertainment. You are Your play. It has no existence separate from You.

Ashtavakra: The Man Who Suffers

The man who suffers, suffers because he dips his toe in and out of the pool of awareness.
What a challenge to harbor in the quietude of totality's moment,
When the world calls again and again.
With every temptation imagination has to offer.

Breadcrumbs 2024

~ ~ ~

In the last two verses of the sixteenth chapter of the Ashtavakra Gita, Ashtavakra wrote of the dilemma. Below are nine translations, all blogged, with links posted on *The Stillness Before Time* website.

~ ~ ~

In *Bitten by the Black Snake, The Ancient Wisdom of Ashtavakra*, Manuel Schoch translates it:

If you desire liberation but you still say mine, if you feel you are the body,
you are not a wise man or a seeker; you are simply a man who suffers.

Unless you forget everything, you will never live in your heart.

~ ~ ~

In *A Duet of One, The Ashtavakra Gita Dialogue*, Ramesh S. Balsekar translates it:

He who seeks enlightenment as an individual seeker, and still is identified with the body,
is neither a jnani nor a yogi, and suffers misery.

Unless everything is totally forgotten, you cannot be established in the Self,
even if Shiva, Vishnu or Brahma be your preceptor.

~ ~ ~

In *Ashtavakra Gita, A New English Version*, Bart Marshall translates it:

16.10
He who claims liberation as his own,
as an attainment of a person,
is neither enlightened nor a seeker.
He suffers his own misery.

16.11
Though Hara, Hari,
or the lotus-born Brahma himself instruct you,
until you know Nothing,
you will never know Self.

~ ~ ~

In *Ashtavakra Gita*, John Richards translates it:

He who is proud about even liberation or his own body, and feels them his own,
is neither a seer nor a yogi. He is still just a sufferer. 16.10

If even Shiva, Vishnu, or the lotus-born Brahma were your instructor,
until you have forgotten everything you cannot be established within. 16.11

~ ~ ~

In *Ashtavakra Gita*, Akhandanand Saraswati translates it:

10.
A person who has the pride of being a Mukta (liberated soul)
and also has mamataa (attachments) for his body,
is neither a Yogi nor a Gnani. He is eligible only for dukha.

11.
Even if Shivaji, Bhagwan Vishnu, or Brahma were to give you a sermon,
you cannot attain svaroopa-sthiti (the state of being established in your Self)
unless and until you forget everything.

~ ~ ~

In *Ashtavakra Gita*, Hari Prasad Shastri translates it:

10. He who has a feeling of "I-ness" even for release, and retains his body-consciousness,
is neither a wise man nor a spiritual aspirant.
His lot is suffering.

11. Even though Shiva, Vishnu, or Brahma instruct thee,
unless thou regardest the world as unreal, and dismisses all sense of egotism,
thou will not become established in thine own nature (the Self).

~ ~ ~

In *Ashtavakra Gita*, Vedic Scriptures translates it:

One who wants liberation and is also attached to his body,
is neither knowledgeable nor yogi.
He just suffers. 10

Unless you forget everything else, you will not be established in self,
even though Shiva, Vishnu or Brahma themselves teach you. 11

~ ~ ~

In *Astavakra Samhita, An Interpretation of the Ashtavakra Gita*, Ananda Wood translates it:

16.10

Whoever still has ego's pride
in liberation, or who feels
a sense of 'mine-ness' toward body,
cannot rightly be a sage
(who is established in plain truth)
nor yet a yogi (joining back
into unchanged reality).

Each person, claiming pride or 'mine-ness',
thus partakes in suffering
that makes true self seem compromised.

16.11

No matter what great 'Lord' or 'God'
may somehow be invoked to teach
you anything, you won't by this
stand independent in your self.

~ ~ ~

In *The Heart of Awareness, A Translation of the Ashtavakra Gita*, Thomas Byrom translates it:

10.
If you desire liberation,
But you still say "mine,"
If you feel you are the body,
You are not a wise man or a seeker.

You are simply a man who suffers.

11.
Let Hari teach you,
Or Brahma, born of the lotus,
Or Shiva Himself!

Unless you forget everything,
You will never live in your heart.

The Fate of Authorship

The goal of any writer is to plant something in other minds that will not be easily forgotten.
Who knows how many works are in used book stores and landfills,
And internet websites and burn piles,
And ancient libraries long ago fallen into ruin,
That never or barely even got a chance to be remembered.

Breadcrumbs 2024

Solitary Witness

From birth to death, the unborn-undying awareness that I am,
Is solitary witness to an ever-kaleidoscoping, mystery-ridden dreamtime.
There is nothing I need do, nothing I can do, but whatever the given moment beckons,
From the patterning of the mind-body, in which I am cloaked,
Upon the stage, which I impromptu play.

Breadcrumbs 2024

The Anarchist

Am I not something of an anarchist, taking on consciousness, taking on imagination,
With aphorisms the weapon, with which the dreamtime has equipped me.
Taking aim at intellects scouted in any given daily walkabout.
A reasonable pastime, for which I am well-suited.
A Johnny Appleseed strategy at the helm.
Very grass-rooted, very under-the-radar.
What future awakening they might inspire, if any,
Is well beyond this narrative, and well beyond any concern.
It is but the vanity, for which I have been, through happenstance, fated.
A mind-body, programmed by the given nature-nurture, with a truth-seeking inclination.

Breadcrumbs 2024

Evolution of The Stillness Before Time

A timeline of phases in this little raison d'être project that began in 1989.

Ojai

Teaching at Oak Grove School in Ojai, California
Head and neck injury at Carpinteria State Beach on school fieldtrip
Psilocybin mushrooms & ecstasy
Nisargadatta's "I Am That"
The first index cards, tossed after Lena's comment

Chico

A box of spiral-bound notebooks
Access to a desktop computer at Chico Hedway
Dean Evans and two art shows
A book agent who had me put together The Stillness Before Time
Including: Of the Human Journey, Got God?, Ten Reflections, Books, Movies
Kinko's and who knows how many spiral-bound copies out the back door

Arcata

More spiral-bound notebooks
CLAD certificate program at Humboldt State
First Apple PowerBook 5300 laptop
HTML programming class
Creation of The Stillness Before Time website

Turlock

Switch to index cards
Creative Alternatives and transfer of website
Five generations of Apple MacBook laptops through the years
Several attempts to publish, with support from Dawn Eden Fletcher and Ram Dass
The Return to Wonder
Matrix algorithm experiment
Google Blogger
Facebook
Twitter/X
The Ponderings of Yaj Ekim
Breadcrumbs series
Lulu Press
Retirement from Creative Alternatives
Transfer of website to Network Solutions
Evolution of website
A variety of offshoot titles
Sivana East

Instagram
Transfer of website to Skystra
Switch from index cards to smart phone texting
Editing of Stillness, Ponderings, Return to Wonder
The quest for a legacy caretaker

Breadcrumbs 2024

Just a Clarification

Just a clarification that some titles are original works, and some are selections from the originals. Please note, dear reader, that nothing is complete, nothing is finished, until the last wheezing breath. And that the most recent, most accurate edits, will be the PDF versions uploaded to the website.

The Original Works

The Stillness Before Time
Reflections From a Fellow Sojourner

Including:
Of the Human Journey
Got God?
Ten Reflections

The Ponderings of Yaj Ekim

The Breadcrumbs Compendium
Bits and Pieces From a Dream of Time

Breadcrumbs 2015
Breadcrumbs 2018
Breadcrumbs 2019
Breadcrumbs 2020
Breadcrumbs 2021
Breadcrumbs 2022
Breadcrumbs 2023 & Beyond

The Return to Wonder
Field Notes from the Unknown

The Sidebar Collection

A Short List of Books for the Up and Coming
Some Written Works That May Help Get the Young Up to Speed

Conversations
A Variety of Letters, Emails, Texts, & Sundry Odds 'n Ends

Definitions
An Incomplete Selection of Contemplative Definitions

Ditties for the Bluegrass Pyre

Jester Amok

My (Not Quite) Haiku

Once Upon a Christmas

Possible Last Words & Epitaphs

Sketches of the Once Upon a Time
A Few Epiphanies and Other Hallmark Moments

Spam Responses (a.k.a., WTF Is This Shit!?)

The Corollaries of Yaj Ekim

The Standard Ripostes
The Scribe's Go-to Responses to This and That in the Day-To-Day

Uncle Sam Says

The titles below are selections drawn from the original works above, based on the premise of the title.
Several will very likely still be 'under construction' if the Reaper arrives ahead of sketch.
So … anyone who might be motivated, is welcome to fill in any-and-all gaps,
Being as mindful as possible, to hold fast to the given formatting.
There may or may not be someone to answer inquiries,
At the mjholshouser@gmail.com address.

The Derivative Collection

Aftershocks Autumn 2024

Frames of Reference
Peering Through the Windows of Perception

Imagination: The Great Usurper

Jesus on Prophets
What Any Seer Likely Faces Returning to the Cave of Origin

Lost in Translation
The Human Paradigm's Linguistic Muddle

Michael's Rabbit Hole
A Selection of Breadcrumbs & Other Aphorisms

Of Meaning and Purpose
Ponderings About the Futility of It All

Of Noise & Silence
Contemplations on the Vibrations of Consciousness

Standouts From the Return to Wonder Edit
Selections From the First Sixteen Chapters

The Call of the Eternal
A Conversation With My Self

The Gordian Knot of Ethical Thinking

The 'And More' Collection

Doubt, Doubt & More Doubt

Grubs, Grubs & More Grubs
(a.k.a., Blobs, Blobs & More Blobs)

History, History & More History

Imagination, Imagination & More Imagination

Mystery, Mystery & More Mystery

Patterns, Patterns & More Patterns

Reincarnation, Reincarnation & More Reincarnation

Science, Science & More Science

Titles, Titles & More Titles

Even More Titles, Titles & More Titles

The Singles Collection

59 Moments to The Way It Is (And Is Not)

Of the Human Journey
Along with 'Got God?' and 'Ten Reflections'

The Mystery of the Mystery

The Real is Discovering

To Be, or Not to Be

Who Was the First?

Breadcrumbs 2023

Another Way of Putting It

Almost everything written since 1989, probably in the neighborhood of five or six thousand pages at this writing, has been transcribed in MS Word format in the Times New Roman font, and is divided into ten main titles: The Stillness Before Time, The Ponderings of Yaj Ekim, The Return to Wonder, and Breadcrumbs 2015 through 2023. Other titles are sidebar original works or derivatives that came to the a-puttering mind in the hither-thither. There are many incomplete and need-editing works in the derivative list.

The Original Works

The Stillness Before Time,
Reflections From a Fellow Sojourner

Including:
Of the Human Journey
Got God?
Ten Reflections

The Ponderings of Yaj Ekim

The Breadcrumbs Compendium
Bits and Pieces From a Dream of Time

Breadcrumbs 2015
Breadcrumbs 2018
Breadcrumbs 2019
Breadcrumbs 2020
Breadcrumbs 2021
Breadcrumbs 2022
Breadcrumbs 2023 & Beyond

The Return to Wonder

The Sidebar Collection

A Short List of Books for the Up and Coming
Conversations
Definitions
Ditties for the Bluegrass Pyre
Jester Amok
My (Not Quite) Haiku
Once Upon a Christmas
Possible Last Words & Epitaphs
Sketches of the Once Upon a Time
Spam Responses (a.k.a., WTF Is This Shit!?)
The Corollaries of Yaj Ekim

The Standard Ripostes
Uncle Sam Says

The Derivative Collection

Aftershocks Autumn 2024
Frames of Reference
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The Call of the Eternal
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The 'And More' Collection

Doubt, Doubt & More Doubt
Grubs, Grubs & More Grubs (a.k.a., Blobs, Blobs & More Blobs)
History, History & More History
Imagination, Imagination & More Imagination
Mystery, Mystery & More Mystery
Patterns, Patterns & More Patterns
Reincarnation, Reincarnation & More Reincarnation
Science, Science & More Science
Titles, Titles & More Titles
Even More Titles, Titles & More Titles

The Singles Collection

59 Moments to The Way It Is (And Is Not)
Of the Human Journey
The Mystery of the Mystery
The Real is Discovering
To Be, or Not to Be
Who Was the First?

Breadcrumbs 2024

A Few Ditties on Process

Breadcrumbs 2023

No, this existence has not been all about talking and writing all this babble.
There were many mornings sipping bean at coffee shops, and nights curled up with popcorn and Netflix,
And wanders here and there, witnessing, exploring, participating, in oh-so-many ways.
Wisdom is far more than sitting on a zafu, staring at a blank wall,
Though that may well be a hearty slice of it,
And ultimately, all of it.

* * * *

No one is ever going to read all this yada yada babble besides me,
Few are ever going to really even begin to grasp, all that I have offered the world.
So, the question becomes, whether or not, it is a good idea for anyone to even dip more than a tippy-toe.
But, if there ever is enough interest for there to be group discussions on this body of work,
Be sure no one is in charge, as anything more than a mild facilitating role.
Circular seating, all at the same eye-level, is recommended.
No proselytization, no dogma, no bullshit.
Read it as clearly as possible.
Stay as clear as possible.
It is not about the scribe.
It is a discussion, not a sermon.
And do not hesitate just to sit in silence.
It is, after all is said and done, a solitary journey.

* * * *

All the copyrights to this collection of titles are a cultural formality,
Which need mean nothing to whatever the future of this scarred garden's dreamtime has in store.
Do with these many ponderings, these many ramblings, whatever You will,
Or ignore them entirely, and likely be no less happy for it.

* * * *

I pipe dream this largely aphoristic body of work will someday be known,
And my name on some marquee, these thoughts the focus of symposiums across the world,
But let's face it, folks, with all the babbleon that's already out there,
That just ain't ever never going to happen.
So it goes.

* * * *

Fortunately, power and fame and fortune have evaded me.
Vulnerability, anonymity, austerity, and the mindfulness they engender,
Are a great gift in this insane asylum, this théâtre de l'absurde.

* * * *

I do not need anything from You.
I offer You these insights free of all claims.

I do not hunger for your treasures, or your approval.
I do not aspire to ever meet You, or hear your imaginary story.
You are free to go your own way, find your own way,
And do with these thoughts, whatever You will.

* * * *

Has this lifetime of philosophizing, in any way,
Transformed the patterning of this temporal mind-body?
Not that I have, in any way, any shape, any form, ever once witnessed.
Destiny is destiny, fate is fate, fortune is fortune, upshot is upshot, kismet is kismet,
No matter how it is chiseled in stone in the sands of time.

* * * *

In creating this Sisyphean opus, mustered from a hard-earned frame of reference,
Every aphorism is given equal attention; each, gold-standard handcrafted,
To be read by somebody, someday, maybe, though probably not.
Don Quixote battling windmills is a fitting metaphor.

* * * *

If I was ever to start over – somehow be reborn, either male or female – I would just skip it all,
With the opposite sex, or my own, or whatever other genders might come into play.
Way too much bother, and adventures I need never experience again.

* * * *

No, I am not tossing out history.
I am simply pointing out that it is an imaginary invention,
To which we have tethered ourselves to such a fisted-hand-in-the-coconut degree,
That it is driving our kind, and a fair number of our fellow earthlings, and perhaps Gaia, towards oblivion,
Or certainly a far different garden than the one from which we spawned.

* * * *

What a remarkable thing it has been, to witness the rise and decline of this blip of a nation-state,
And likely to have traversed through the apex of what human civilization has had to offer, as well.

* * * *

The jury is still out, whether passing it around randomly for free, has been the best strategy.

* * * *

My faith is strong and sure and steadfast, for all times.
It is a faith that does not require the idolatry of form or thought.
It is a faith, so clear, that one must die to little self, to see it all, for what it is.
And from that faith, I leave You the distillation, of all this mind has ever thought and done.
Do with it what You will, or will not.

* * * *

How often what You are reading, is the morphed version of the original thought.
The original having been lost in the abyss of the churning mind,
In the time it took to reach for pen and paper,
Or as it was being scribbled.
Imagine this mind as one of those Magic Eight Balls;
Thoughts floating into view, floating out of view, sometimes retrievable, most often not.

* * * *

If these writings, these reflections, have merit, they will endure; if not, oh well in the so it goes.
It has been enough to observe whether the quantum théâtre de l'absurde of dreamtime,
Was as up to the mark set by all the self-promotion, by all the propaganda,
History has fed the masses as they chewed away on their mother.
My bet is that we will decline and fall, as all things ever do,
And all our creations, all our treasures, all our glories,
Will dissolve with the last whimper of imagination.
And the quantum abyss will not even shed a tear.
Nor I collect my winnings; for which I do despair

* * * *

Waking up to yet another dreamy day,
Trapped in a body racked with one bother or another,
The mind willy-nilly between agony and ecstasy, exasperation and rapture.
Curious how thought can play the gamut between amusing and tiring from one moment to the next.
What ceaselessly pointless vainglorious absurdity, this much ado about nothing.
The appeal of ever returning to this manifest dreamtime,
Has pretty much run its course.

* * * *

Although I have enjoyed so many things in this span of dreamtime,
All I ever really 'wanted' to do was be a forklift driver.
The spatial flowing of it, drew the farm boy.
On a forklift, in the field stations I in youth worked,
I was a fighter pilot, flying solo all about the asphalt jungles,
On which my iron horse and I, rallied about, putting order to daily chaos.
Such was my satisfaction, that I once even used vacation time at Creative Alternatives,
To work the peak of a walnut season at Ron Martella's huller on Tully Road in hometown Hughson.
Ten-hour days in California Great Central Valley's late summer often very warm weather.
Every moment absolutely, priceless, in the very-very right-here-right-now of it.
The hardest part was in those rare moments when it slowed down.
And even then, there was always something to do.

Breadcrumbs 2024

I am an outcome of the social-spiritual revolution of the 1960's and 70's.
A peasant's eldest wandering the zenith of post-World War II United States of America,
Passing on thoughts, conclusions, opinions, judgments, about what I witnessed, and the parr I played.
That it has not developed its own legs, either proves I am wrong, or that the human species,
Is incapable of getting past its unfathomable arrogance or its insatiable avarice.
There is also great likelihood there is just too much to wade through,
Or that many just do not care to bother or care about it all.
Is there any doubt why I sit at the absurdist bar?

* * * *

All these years of scribbling have been both entertaining and wearisome,
In a sideways-topsy-turvy-inside-out-backwards sort of way.
Weave it all into some kind of enlightening story?
What, pray tell, would be the point?
It is done well enough for the rare few.
Think of all the videos I could have made.
Think of the following I might have cult-ivated.
I thank the gods for my insignificance, as should You.
I cannot imagine wanting or needing widespread approbation.
This garden orb does not require any more irrationality, any more absurdity.
You can thank or curse or ignore your Self, any time, any place.
You are, every moment, creator-preserver-destroyer.
You thank me when You discern your Self.

* * * *

My level of intrigue is far less, has always been far less, than many.
There is nothing I cannot walk away from if my whole world crashed and burned.
All I do is sit in coffee shops, write bullshit that very few people read, shop for supplies as needed,
See Mom and Sister once a week, and spend a couple hours most days in the club pool.
I am all but done with this cosmos, and this cosmos is all but done with me.
One of these days, I will be gone, and very few will even notice.
The universe has managed to ignore me while living;
It will even far less hard after I am gone.

* * * *

Have put this work out into the world in as many diverse channels as current technologies allow.
Nobody owns it, nobody controls it; everyone must discern the truth all on their own.
And all those who see, fairly quickly, without fanfare, know each other.
It is a very subtle, very quiet, very grass roots revolution.
No priesthood, no organization, no dogma.
Just a clear, rational view.

* * * *

What is a philosopher?
Cynic, skeptic, doubter, misanthropist, scoffer, doubter, pessimist,
Questioner, disparager, detractor, malcontent, loner, recluse, dilletante.
As pointless as pointless can be; the final chapter existence offers, to be sure.

* * * *

It was worth giving this body of work away no-charge.
Throwing it out there the willy-nilly way these digitalized times allowed.
No fame, no fortune, no control, no publishers, no followers, no travels, no speeches, no signings.
And only a modicum of vain notions with which to inwardly contend.
A strategy that saved all kinds of bother.

* * * *

Somebody had to scribe this, and it just sorta dumped itself into this lap.
If asked, would I do it again, I would say, with a shrug of these graying shoulders,
"What more could I possibly set down, without repeating myself more than I already have?"
This thought-filled theme park is for any and all, who discern within it, whatever they are looking for;
Whatever they might need, in the dystopian future that is so unescapably rushing at them.

* * * *

Why do I even bother scribbling all this?
I really do not much care for what the human paradigm has become,
Or the future to which it is inescapably, accelerating exponentially, every kaleidoscoping moment.
A vision so dark, so dismal, so painful, that the imminent extinction,
Cannot make its way hither soon enough.

* * * *

The post-WWII Boomer generation that I was born into, was set up by the idealistic winds of our youth,
To believe humankind could be, could do, something Darwin 101 assures us is impossible.
What I tell any who still harbor that delusional notion, any who still believe,
Us capable of overriding the natural selection that whittled us, for even a few minutes,
Is that You can take the monkey out of the jungle, but You cannot take the jungle out of the monkey.

* * * *

This guy would never lay any claim to being totally sane or rational or brilliant or anything perfect.
This mortal body, this mind, this imaginary moi, is as flawed and misguided and absurd,
And treacherous and hypocritical and irrational and judgmental and laughable,
And clumsy and frenetic and impulsive and irritable and divisive,
And narcissistic and hedonistic and greedy and vain,
And as inevitably mortal decline-and-fall as any other monkey-mind two-legged,
That has ever wandered every-which-way-to-and-fro across this dream-soaked dusty orb.
The perfection, all are, is not that which can be seen or heard or smelled or tasted or felt or thought.

* * * *

Things Which Mr. Just-in-Case Collects

Guns & Ammunition
Archery Equipment
Swords, Knives, Spears
Sundry Other Weapons
Martial Arts gear
Tools and Hardware
Chess & Other Strategy Games
Philosophy books
Military books
Weaponry books
History books
Political Science books
Science books
English language books
Spanish language books
Business books
Quote books
Gaming books
Health books
Cooking books
Exercise books
Resource books
Miscellaneous books
Exercise Gear
Kitchen paraphernalia
Coffee-making paraphernalia
The Great Courses DVD's
Movie & Television DVD's
Music CD's
Camping gear
Office supplies
Hats
Dust collectors
Bags of every variety
Alcohol and Drugs
Informational websites
Blog posts
Facebook posts
Interesting article links
Non-followers

A material Peter Pan, to be sure.

* * * *

My gift to the dystopian future-slash-debacle, that I envision, with a shudder.
Do with it whatever You will; do with it whatever You can.
Sadly, better You than me, is all I gotta say.
Stay strong, rotsa ruck.

* * * *

When would I … Why should I … How could I …
Ever convince You, who-what-why-when-where-how, I am,
But through your own awakening to the eternal fact.

* * * *

Have always had a relativistic aptitude for relishing process.
For accepting things as they are, for accepting things as they come.
Perhaps because I was raised in a rural setting, in tune with nature's fluidity.
Came from modest roots that never really expected or wanted that much out of life.
Tried to fan the fire in the belly as a business major out of college, but the spark never took.
The path of least resistance blew into my sail, and here I am, pondering the show.
Attentively writing down the so-many thoughts that bubble into mind.

* * * *

Some brand it, Brahman; some brand it, God.
Others, Buddha or Tao or Jehovah or Great Spirit or Whatever.
I call it the Mystery; the Mystery of the all in one, the Mystery of the one in all.
And no one need suffer any consequence, any punishment, any forfeit,
For granting it whatever name, or no-name, they are inclined.
No need for absurdity steeped in imaginary notion.
None can know how all this is happening.
Even the rumored supreme deity,
Witnesses in ignorance.

* * * *

René Descartes:
I think, therefore I am.

Yaj Ekim's Corollary:
I think, therefore I think I am.
I imagine, therefore I imagine I am.
You imagine, therefore You imagine You are.
And right-here-right-now, we all are, imagining we all, in space-time are.
An unborn-undying, unrehearsed, Shakespearian theater,
For as long as imagination draws breath.

* * * *

This is this lifetime's contribution to the human paradigm.
Take it or leave it; please try not to hurt or kill anyone over it.
Please do not make it into some creed, it was never meant to be.
You can thank me, or scourge me, as befits the endgame's narration.

* * * *

All this philosophical chitchat, is not at all about yet another absurd, idolatrous belief system.
It is about the very real, very much in the moment, prior-to-consciousness awareness, You truly are.
There is nobody to follow, there is no confining dogmatic groupthink, there is no transaction fee.
All any need do, is pay attention to the given moment, as the mystery kaleidoscopes ever on.
It is very much a solitary mosey for those who have the wit and strength to stand alone.
It is very much an agnostic, existential stance, requiring no fallacious conclusions.
All one needs do, is be as free as the imaginary mind and mortal vessel allow.

* * * *

Me and all the other seers,
Churning out the same memorandum,
To the rare few fated with eyes to see, ears to hear.

* * * *

Got a good roll out of my little window of illusion.
And what happens after I am departed, after I am ashes and dust,
Is nothing I can do anything about, any more than I could while in the flesh.

* * * *

How it all seems to moi, is what these many thoughts, these many titles, are about.
Whether or not, they are anything the dreamtime's future, will be in any way interested,
Is nothing this mind's vanity, can more than pipe-smoking speculate, in its dystopian musings.

* * * *

Another day of rambling the quantum fever.
Bantering with your Self in whatever nooks and crannies are wandered.
Talking about, kicking around, hashing out, thrashing out, chewing over, every variety of this and that,
Learning and unlearning every rank of mind gorp, that death will someday wash away,
No matter how profound or clever, no matter how astute or shrewd.

* * * *

I have done my best with this work,
To leave something that is as great a vision,
As this mind-body and linguistic aptitude can muster.
As great a revelation as technology and times for a time allow.
Attempting in so many ways to fashion it nondualistically all-inclusive.
Something that will worm its way through the harsh age ahead,
Into a more rational, equitable, notion of humankind,
And its relationship with the natural world,
And the mystery that is source to all.
And to always try to remember,
That it is not at all about,
The little me who put it into play.
Rather, the big me, who is the You in all.

Best wishes, rotsa ruck, and apologies for the world we left You.

* * * *

The very serendipitous – day-to-day of random folks – whose paths I crossed,
Were casually given business cards, with website name and address.
And before that, who knows how many pilfered copies,
Through the side door at the Kinko's in Chico.
There is no knowing how far, how wide, or for what duration,
Future imagination-driven times, will choose to allow, this freely-offered serum,
From a scribe who pretty much made it his last hobby, his last distraction, his last will and testament.

* * * *

Coulda-shoulda-woulda, have brought to a halt, to all this nonsense long ago.
So much absurdity, over an elephant that can never been seen.
Coulda-shoulda-woulda, sought out a little cave.
Kept to my Self, Kept my peace,
Lived existence, rationally, serenely.
Free from all the mundanity, all the temporality.
Wait, I have done that! Here I am, ensconced right here now.
In my zennish, collector-hoarder hollow: Studio 101, Lakeside Apartments,
Turlock, California 93382-1016, United States, Gaia, Milky Way, Universe … Mystery …

* * * *

The weariness I feel with my take on the human paradigm,
Is beyond measure, many times, in so many situations, in any given day.
How tempting to just pull the plug on everything, to discard all this esoteric commentary,
Back into the oblivion, into the abyss, into the void, from whence it came,
And spend whatever remains of this dreamtime existence,
As quietly, as anonymously, as possible.

But no, I drudge on, as another ditty Magic-8-Ball's into mind.

* * * *

All these notions are straight-up how I see it.
No regurgitations, no mimicking, no mendacities, no fanatisms.
Just the matter-of-fact, straight-thinking, no-nonsense, down-to-earth, the-way-it-is,
As seen through these older-than-the-stars-younger-than-the-moment eyes.

* * * *

If it is fated for these way-too-many thoughts to be discovered, I would prefer it be after I am rootbound.
Have never sought the weight of power, the rattle of gold, or the bother of groupthink.
Scribing all this has peaceably filled a great deal of this existence.
A pleasant pastime, to be channel for this mystery.
Being rewarded for such a gift, is given its due, with a nod of a head.

* * * *

A Self-imposed assignment; one in which I do not write what was done today, but what was thought.
An aphoristic journal-chronical-diary-memoir-bulletin-log-dossier-scrapbook-commentary-thesis-hobby.

As Thucydides Athenian historian and general (c. 460 – c. 400 BC) wrote:

My work is not a piece of writing designed to meet the needs of an immediate public,
but was done to last forever.

Yaj Ekim: Define forever.

* * * *

A Text to Bruce

America invited the world's masses, and they have arrived.
That is rough on the losers, rough on the haters, and Trump became their führer.
My prevailing who-gives-a-fuck-where's-the-popcorn line: So it goes, deal with it, get over it, move on.
It is all ultimately just another epoch in history's the-horror-the-horror-planet-of-the-apes stagecraft.
You and I have lived in the most incredible window of history this world has ever experienced.
Tough for all the kids in the day care centers and playgrounds who are going to pay for it.
Seven billion people and a changing climate in a little over 200 years – Hope is dead.

(Bruce: This started out as one of our many back-and-forth texts, and worked itself into an aphorism.
Some guy named Bruce will be lionized in Breadcrumbs 2023 & Beyond and Michael's Rabbit Hole)

The children's book by Shel Silverstein – The Giving Tree – says it all about the human paradigm.

The Giving Tree
https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/The_Giving_Tree

(P.S. Hey, just occurred to me to say – while we are still here – that I have always enjoyed our practically lifetime friendship. Forklifting at Joan of Arc was one of my all-time favorite jobs. Sorry about the toe. That moment, the calmness with which You told me the forklift was on your foot, still rings clear in this otherwise vague, aged memory. Never realized what You had endured until You told me years later.)

* * * *

And just to be steadfastly, beyond-all-doubts transparent – I do not much care for the word, prophet.
A little too loaded with historical undertones, to which I do not readily extend my Self.
Seer, mystic, sage, guru, maybe even augur or oracle, are tolerable fits.
If there must be any sound-concept ascribed to it, that is.
Deep, resonate Om-ing might be acceptable.
But try to put a crimp on any and all idolatries.
Ixnay on worshipping garden statues and crucifixes.

* * * *

The Anthropocene and a changing climate – a pitiless dragon – unfolding its wings upon all earthlings.
And alas for we post-war boomers, we elders, who bask in our unenviable senior moment,
Hoping to somehow evade the consequences of all our narcissistic hedonism,
Our little window of time, and all the consumption it allowed.
We are in for a taste, a whiff, of the future past.

* * * *

In this work, is written whatever comes to mind.

Audience or no, agreement or no, approval or no, applause or no.
For naught matters to the great emptiness, the great abyss, the great nothingness,
From whence all appearances, all illusions, kaleidoscope however they will.
How unlikely, that more than a relative few, will ever even hear of it,
Much less imbibe more than a few lines here and there, at best.
For anyone to peruse it all, would be an improbable feat.
One which would be, but another mirage of mind.

* * * *

This aphoristic opus was the last narcissistic-hedonistic vanity, that I could be enticed to orchestrate.
These writings, all extemporaneous, seem intent on stirring the potential of consciousness, of imagination,
To another echelon of intrigue in its Darwinian progression, if such a thing is even tenuously possible.

* * * *

The most candid, most sincere, most authentic answer, as to why have I bothered to scribe this opus,
Is the lucidity, the detachment, the hubris, the absurdity, of this nature-nurtured mind's quixotic meander.
It is the reckoning, the revelation, of a happenstance-happenchance-contemplative-meditative amble.
It is the nothing-more-nothing-less, of this mind's imaginary perception of an ineffable mystery.

* * * *

The human paradigm has long since become a friggin' insane-beyond-all-insanes asylum.
The engineers and all their minions have enticed us down a dead-end road.
How happy, how content I am, to be almost done with it.

* * * *

Regarding titles in this opus,
There is the 'me' voice, and there is the 'Me' voice.
Leftovers and Soundbites are the 'Me' and 'My Self' and 'I' rabbit dens.
Breadcrumbs lurk in the imaginary, more-likely-illusionary 'me-and-myself-and-I' wormhole.
It is a most challenging thing to walkabout this mortal quantum dreamtime,
And not be drawn willy-nilly into its distracting nature,
Same as all the other dreamers.

* * * *

There is likely something somewhere herein, for just about everyone.
This mystic wandering opus is not bound by the boundlessness of Eternity.
This mind's penchant for living and dying, wanders easily afield in every manner.
"The dark side ain't dark to me," is a first and foremost go-to meme for this waggish mind.

* * * *

So many ditties that need editing,
And that editing shared with all the other creations.
All the derivative titles, and all their 'under construction' segments.
So many things to tie together, into an agreeable, concise, elegant, philosophical opus.
Which so relatively few will ever know of, much less bother to peruse.
So much to do, and so little time remaining to do it.
Such is likely the fate of all creators.

To Whom It May Concern

It is certainly a curious thing to have gone this mystical direction in life. Most definitely a road less traveled. As far as discussing it with others goes, I think, as with any specialty, any sphere – science, mathematics, music, sports, business, politics, et cetera ad infinitum – that we all tend to search out like minds to focus on our interests and passions. Scientists with scientists, mathematicians with mathematicians, musicians with musicians, athletes with athletes, businessmen with businessmen, politicians with politicians, et cetera ad infinitum. Our little "lost" tribe of seers, being somewhat scattered about the globe, are not always easy to run across. You just never know who will be sitting next to You in some coffee shop, bar, or park bench.

Personally, I have always been generalist and chameleon enough to enjoy chatting with whoever about whatever comes up. There is great freedom in anonymity. Many people I know quite well have very little if any clue about what I have done or what I have written. It has just never come up. I may probe and plant seeds, but do not worry whether or not they take root. Some minds are fertile; some are barren. It is just the way it is.

As far as staying connected with family, friends, and acquaintances goes, we each have to decide what is important to us, and it may be for some that burning bridges and moving on alone is only option they allow themselves. The high school class of my small rural town origin celebrated our 40th reunion a few years back, and those who came had a great time reconnecting and sharing their life journeys. Very few of them would ever be at all interested in my thoughts on things – many of them are true believers in one dogma or another – and I am okay with that. No point beating yourself over the head over things You cannot change.

The big view of it is that I am one of who knows how many awakened eyes in this magical mystery tour, as likely are You if You are reading this. Whether anyone else hears the call is something over which none of us has any say. Nor does it really matter. We may point the way to a larger vision, but it is each, abiding in their own set of capacities and limitations, who must, to whatever degree, wander the pathless land very much alone. We are but ephemeral seed crystals, of our own devices, for consciousness to do with what it will.

Everything I have written since 1989, except for a couple notebooks that were lost, along with a few other oopsie moments on the computer, is my gift to the future, such as it is. It is up to You and others I have befriended through the years to pass it on if You deem it to have merit. It has been an interesting pastime to give so much of my time over to it: to think it, to scribble it, to transcribe and edit it, to throw it about like Johnny did apple seeds. There may be in the neighborhood of five thousand pages worth by the time I exit this center stage. And what happens to it is for time to tell. I leave it to You to decide.

So it goes, either way. I played my part, I said my piece, I had my fun.

M

P.S. For best viewing online, using the largest screen You have available to explore my little theme park, is suggested. Scrolling down and down on a phone screen is just not going to give You the same entrée.

P.P.S. Regarding the name Yaj Ekim ... It is just a reverse spelling of the first and middle names ... Michael Jay Holshouser ... Mike Jay ... Yaj Ekim.

P.P.P.S. Coincidently, make of it whatever You will, or will not, Yaj is an Indian boy's name meaning worshipper, sacrifice, another name for Shiva, a sage. And Ekim is a Turkish name for October meaning "sowing" (of seeds). All kinds of absurdity can be read into that by the many so-inclined – none of which was in mind when I came up with the idea to reverse the letters to my name. See P.P.S. for details.

P.P.P.P.S. Yes, I am Shiva. And so are You. No, I am not Shiva. And neither are You. Irony and paradox rule.

Th-Th-Th-That's All Folks!

Pointing to the whole elephant, as entertaining as it has been, has been an interesting lesson in futility.
Time to close down the show, and move on to an observation of silence mode.
Fare thee well, adieu, adios, auf wiedersehen, sayonara.
Regards and best wishes to all.

That said …

Stay Tuned

Given how this mind works, likely a few more ditties in the here and there,
For as long as these temporal lungs are still drawing air,
So stay tuned, You Wascally Wabbit.

Thucydides

My work is not a piece of writing designed to meet the needs of an immediate public,
but was done to last forever.

Athenian historian and general (c. 460 – c. 400 BC)
History of the Peloponnesian War

Yaj Ekim

Define forever.